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"VOTES FOR FLAPPERS" is the proposed reform which is now dividing England. Votes for women, that is, after they have attained their legal majority, instead of at thirty years of age. The Labor Party sponsors the measure, but even Mrs. Pankhurst has admitted that to extend the franchise to the twenty-one-year-old female is "a very serious step to take." And the members of the Tory Party, who bitterly oppose the proposal, are advancing all the old arguments that once rent the atmosphere when "Votes for Women-who-have-reached-the-ripe-age-of-thirty" was the question at issue. There is something infinitely humorous and also infinitely irritating about the contention that while the male, on turning the calendar from twenty to twenty-one, attains the sound and cautious judgment of maturity necessary for the casting of the momentous ballot, the historical knowledge and the statesmanlike acumen requisite for a subject of the world's largest empire—that while the male, we repeat, dons these worthy attributes like a cloak at 21, the female requires nine more years to rise to these heights. Of course, everyone knows that this is intrinsically nonsense; of course, also, the fact that to permit women of 21 to vote would create more women than there are men voters in the country is of much more importance. Women in politics are still more or less of an unknown quantity, and Tory statesmen are traditionally unwilling to take a chance.

THE PRICE THAT THE BRITISH PAY for the folly of the British mine-owners and their Conservative support is shown by the fact that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Winston Churchill, has had to report a deficit of £36,693,784, sixteen millions larger than had been expected, and more than double the deficit of last year, which was £14,000,000. Had the cost of the Government stayed at last year's figure of £800,000,000 there would have been a small surplus. It was the rise in government expenses which is responsible for this unpleasant showing. No less than £42,000,000 were added to the Government's expenditures, while the income failed to reach the estimated amount chiefly because of the coal strike. This is shown by the fact that in three months since January 1 the deficit was cut from £146,000,000 to the figure given above—the strike ended in November. In the face of this a wise and sensible British Government would avoid military entanglement in China with the inevitable loss of British trade in that country, and the winning of the enduring hatred of the Chinese people, and would seek instead to diminish its outlays in every direction. But the minds of Baldwin, Chamberlain, and Winston Churchill in such matters as China are the minds of 1900; they still live in the era of punitive expeditions and quick revenge for any injury to an Anglo-Saxon.

WINNIPEG OPENED A COMPETITION for a design for a cenotaph to commemorate the Winnipeg men who died in the war. Thirty men competed; the judges unanimously decided that Emanuel Hahn's design was best. But someone discovered that Mr. Hahn had been born in Germany. He had come to Canada in 1888, at the age of seven; he had become a Canadian citizen as soon as he was of age; he had married a Canadian girl and lived nearly forty years in Canada; he had designed other war memorials, and his brother had done the decorative work for the Ontario Parliament Building. But he was born in Reutlingen, Württemberg, Germany. A group of super-Winnipegians pulled the squeaky organ stops of the war-time hymns of hate; some of the veterans pleaded that to build a cenotaph designed by a man who lived his first seven years under a German kaiser would be a desecration of the dead. The men's and women's Canadian clubs, even the Winnipeg branch of the Canadian Navy League, spoke up for British fair play; they said that to reject Mr. Hahn's design would be to insult all the naturalized citizens of Canada. But the hate-hawkers won; Mr. Hahn's design was dropped; he receives merely a consolation prize. Winnipeg might have remembered the example of Manchester, England. Its best site is occupied by the Albert Memorial, commemorating a German-born Briton. When Manchester's cenotaph was unveiled, the *Guardian* said:

> Our Manchester war memorial has been given a secondary site in the city, the best one being still dedicated to the memory of an estimable German, who had the good fortune to marry a young English queen.

THAT IS AN INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENT of Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska that he will retire from the Senate at the end of the present term and be-

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come a candidate for Governor. He wishes to round out a public service which already runs to thirty years by making over the government of his State and giving it an administration totally free from politics. He even hopes to reduce the legislature to a single legislative body of not more than twenty-five members elected on a non-partisan basis. He would next seek the elimination of a large percentage of the present body of State officials, and he would try to have the State develop its own electric power for distribution at cost. This is so attractive and so original a program that we are almost tempted to wish that his term in the Senate expired at once instead of in 1931. We cannot, however, yield to that temptation, because the fact is that Senator Norris is one of the great figures of the Senate, and in several respects the most useful legislator we have in Congress. As our readers will remember, he tried to refuse another Senatorial term in 1924, but was not allowed to do so. Whether public opinion will permit him to leave the Senate in 1931 is open to question. No one can doubt, however, that he would perform a service of inestimable value to the entire United States if he could carry out the experiment upon which he is reported to be bent. The modern State legislature, usually a sink-hole of corruption, certainly needs to be cut down and placed on a non-partisan basis. If there ever was a time when the affairs of an American State should be conducted upon partisan lines it has long since passed.

OF EXTRAORDINARY IMPORTANCE is the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission on March 3, by a vote of 6 to 4, that the federal valuation of railroads for rate-making and other purposes must be based upon costs, prices, and wages of 1914, instead of upon the higher levels of subsequent years. This opinion disposes of the railroads' contention that valuations should be in accord with what it would cost to rebuild at the present time. The commission holds that the 1914 prices, plus what has been invested in the railroads since, less depreciation, shall be the standard hereafter—provided, of course, that the Supreme Court concurs. The latter has so far refused to pass upon any phase of this problem, awaiting a clear-cut decision of the commission. As it is, this verdict is probably the most important ever made by the Interstate Commerce Commission. A contrary opinion would have added eleven billions of dollars to the valuation of the railways and presumably additional freight and passenger rates of $600,000,000 annually. When one recalls the growing conviction that one of the chief sources of the farmer's troubles is the high carrying rates paid on his market-bound products, it is plain that so heavy an additional burden would have been a genuine blow to all forms of industry. Incidentally, this decision entirely vindicates the contentions of the Progressive forces and especially of the late Senator Robert M. La Follette, who never ceased championing this valuation theory; that he stood for such a dangerous policy was one of the most frequent reasons given by the business world for opposing his Presidential candidacy.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE HAS APPOINTED five men of distinction to represent the United States at the Economic Conference to be held in Geneva early in May. They are Henry M. Robinson of Los Angeles, a member of the Dawes Commission; Norman H. Davis, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury and of State in the Wilson Administration; John W. O'Leary, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States; Professor Alonzo E. Taylor of Stanford University, an agricultural expert who was closely associated with Secretary Hoover during the war; and Dr. Julius Klein, director of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce. Each and every one is unexceptionable in his record, and nearly all have nation-wide reputations. The country is, therefore, assured of a powerful delegation. We cannot, however, fail to voice our regret that not a single labor man was chosen—if we are rightly informed, every other delegation has labor representation. It is noticeable, too, that the five appointees unanimously represent the big-business point of view. In that respect it is characteristic of most of Mr. Coolidge's appointments.

THE BITTEREST MAYORALTY CAMPAIGN ever waged in Chicago ends as we go to press, with the forces which believe in progress and civic decency doing their utmost to reelect Mayor Dever—not that his administration has been ideal but that it is far superior to ex-Mayor Thompson's and far ahead of anything the latter now has to offer. But great classes in the community have not forgotten that Mr. Thompson did not lose his head during the war; that he personally stood for tolerance and for decency toward the Scandinavians and German-Americans, who, elsewhere in the Middle West, were often so abominably treated. The Negroes, too, are his fast friends because he has dealt with them with justice and consideration; and there are from 160,000 to 200,000 of them in Chicago today. So conspicuous is their support of the ex-Mayor that there has been a most unfortunate development of race prejudice. At its close, the campaign has deteriorated into a mere calling of names, in which Mr. Thompson distinguishes himself by vilifying Professor Merriam and some of the other men who have for years fought the battle of decent government in Chicago.

WITH PLENTY OF COAL above ground the soft-coal strike that began on April 1 seems like a calm and peaceful vacation. Summer is coming; 80,000,000 surplus tons are on hand; no one need worry. No one, that is, except the miners in the union fields. They have long been working short days and short weeks; now they are asked to take short wages even for the hours they do work. And they have gone on strike. In some of the fields the operators will settle, nominally at the union wage-scale; in others the miners' families will go hungry. The union is at a loss: two-thirds of the country's soft coal is now dug by non-union miners, and unless it can organize them or control their production the work of decades in building up decent conditions in the coal-fields will slip away. Unrestricted competition, leading to overproduction, seems to have ruined the coal industry, and to have sapped the lives of the men who work in it. Advocates of unrestricted laissez-faire should keep their eyes on it.

ON THE "FERRY TO EUROPE," described on another page of this issue, will be found this summer, in addition to Mr. and Mrs. George F. Babbitt, an amazing number of American delegations, missions, tours, and pilgrimages. Students particularly have, largely on their own initiative and through their own associations, organized travel groups and laid out tours over the face of Europe. Many of them

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are managed by The Open Road, Inc., under the auspices of the International Confederation of Students and the National Student Federation of America. These associations have arranged every detail of a score or more trips at low cost, providing accommodations, entertainments, lectures, and an opportunity to touch superficially at least the native life of the people of other countries. Some groups will hike and camp with "youth" organizations in Germany, others will be taken into the homes of European students. Associations of young people in every country of Europe are preparing to welcome them. Such organized fraternization cannot but create a healthy sense of international fellowship. It is particularly fortunate that the movement is spreading to Russia, which this summer will entertain four groups of students sent by the Open Road and several more organized by the Student Council of New York—totaling perhaps a hundred and fifty young men and women. In small groups they will spread over Russia from Leningrad to the Black Sea and east to the Urals, and will everywhere be welcomed and guided by the students of the workers' republic.

NOT ONLY COLLEGE STUDENTS but their elders as well are seeking through travel and study to achieve a deeper understanding of world problems. Several groups of progressive teachers are visiting the new schools of Europe and attending the Locarno World Conference on New Education. For the seventh year Sherwood Eddy is leading a party of "educators, ministers, editors, and men in public life" on a study tour which will include lectures by and meetings with leading men in various countries. The members of the group will be rigidly limited to persons "who will actively promote better international relations upon their return, and who, through editorial responsibility, public speaking, and writing, will be able to exert wide influence on American public opinion." Although a bit pompous, this dictum indicates the serious purpose of the pilgrimage. For obvious economic reasons, fewer travelers come the other way, but one group of selected students from England, Sweden, Switzerland, and Germany will visit the United States this summer under the auspices of the International Confederation of Students. At the same time the Workers' Travel Association, a British organization, is arranging holidays in other countries for English workingmen and visits to England by workers from America and the Continent. Its purpose is the large one of insuring "world peace" by establishing living personal contacts between the working people of all countries; and certainly there could be no more fundamental and democratic path to international good will.

CONLEY DABNEY, a Kentuckian, was sentenced to the penitentiary for life in 1925 because he had been found guilty of the murder of May Vickery. A woman testified that she saw Dabney commit the deed. A body found in the shaft of an abandoned mine was identified by its clothes by Mary Vickery's father as that of his child. The evidence seemed complete; everyone was satisfied that justice had been done—until, the other day, Mary Vickery herself walked in and announced that she was alive; that she had been working in a mill in Cincinnati; that she had disappeared because of unhappiness in her home life. So Conley Dabney was immediately pardoned after more than a year in jail. There being no restitution in such cases, he will have no redress whatever for his long stay in durance vile. He is, in fact, lucky to be alive. Suppose he had been given the death sentence—Mary Vickery could only have visited his grave. Here lies the strongest argument against capital punishment—its finality and irrevocability. Conley Dabney's case is not a rare one. Men are constantly being condemned to death on far more flimsy evidence than that which put Dabney behind the bars.

THE DEATH OF EX-SENATOR JAMES SMITH, JR., of New Jersey, recalls his remarkable but sinister career in New Jersey politics. Smith was the typical corporation-created boss, the pet of the railroads and of all those who profited by special privileges or sought them. His election by the legislature to the United States Senate was accompanied by the usual features of preprimary days—plentiful money on all sides and a State House crowded by railroad and other lobbyists. In the Senate, Smith earned denunciation by President Cleveland for being one of three Democratic Senators who so altered the Wilson Tariff Bill in the Senate as to make it almost unrecognizable, a mere fraudulent piece of tariff reform. His own moral standards may be judged from the fact—admitted under oath—that he bought one thousand shares of sugar-trust stock when he and others were writing the Senate sugar schedule. But when Woodrow Wilson entered politics, he had no objection to working with Smith. Smith took Colonel George Harvey's word for it that Wilson would be all right and made the nominating speech. For his nomination Woodrow Wilson thanked Smith handsomely; his election he also owed to Smith and Smith's fellow-boss, Nugent. The break came when Mr. Wilson refused to further Smith's renewed ambitions for the Senate. Then Nugent became the good boss and Smith the bad one. As James Kerney of the Trenton *Evening Times* has pointed out in his "Political Education of Woodrow Wilson," between the time of his election in November, 1910, and the following January, Wilson not only broke with the powers that had made him Governor, but shifted from a right-wing conservative to an advocate of radical political theories.

EIGHT MILLION WORDS on "the various disciplines that constitute the science of society"—this is the stint set for themselves by the editors of a projected "Encyclopedia of the Social Sciences" to be complete six years from now. Seven of the learned societies in the United States—those concerned with economics, history, politics, sociology, statistical science, anthropology, and social work—have created an executive committee to see that the work is done, and the chairman of the committee, Edwin R. A. Seligman of Columbia University, will be editor-in-chief. Hope is expressed that the encyclopedia will produce an effect somewhat analogous to that produced in the eighteenth century by the great and original "Encyclopédie." That remains to be seen; but the hope is not unjustified. If it is our tragedy today that we have social problems, at least it should be our desire to make a comprehensive and truly interrelated study of them. The proposed encyclopedia can do much to relieve the very term "social science" of the horrible dryness it now suggests to many minds, and by making good its promise to avoid scientific jargon it can prove of value to any educated person who wants to read it. The project, which is put forward by the best scholars available in all the fields, deserves every encouragement.

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The Nicaragua Canal Bobs Up Once More

DISPATCHES from Washington represent Mr. Coolidge as being profoundly impressed by a talk he has had with Senator Edge of New Jersey, who has just returned from the Panama Canal. Senator Edge reports that in the short space of from eight to ten years the Panama Canal will be crowded to capacity if traffic continues to increase as it has in the past few years, and that in order to handle traffic it will be necessary either to enlarge this canal or to undertake the construction of a new one on the Nicaragua route. The eagerness with which Mr. Coolidge is reported to have listened to this is suspicious. He is not given to sudden or passionate enthusiasms, and it is also to be remembered that one of the fifty-seven varieties of excuses he gave for our utterly mistaken intervention in Nicaragua was that we had to protect the concession for a canal which we obtained through the Bryan-Chamorro Treaty of 1916, for which concession we paid $3,000,000 in cash.

That there should be a revival of talk of a Nicaragua canal in 1927 is, however, a matter of distinct historical interest. It was in 1826, 101 years ago, that the United States sent commissioners to the Panama Congress of that year, instructed to investigate the best possible route for a canal. From that time on the Nicaraguan proposal was a live issue until the final decision of 1902 to purchase the Panama Canal and make that the one great route between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Under Presidents Jackson and Van Buren studies of both routes were made and the first favorable report for the Nicaragua Canal was brought in. In 1849 a group of American citizens, headed by Cornelius Vanderbilt, obtained from the Nicaraguan Government the right to construct a ship canal through its territory, but the concession lapsed in 1856, as the company could not go ahead with the undertaking. Our first treaty with Nicaragua dealing with the canal question was negotiated under President Taylor, but not submitted to the Senate for ratification, and the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty was not negotiated until 1850. In accordance with its provisions, which were not abrogated until 1901, the English agreed to retire from the Mosquito Coast in Nicaragua and to join with the United States in guaranteeing the neutrality of any canal which might be built there. But further progress in the Nicaraguan plans was stopped, first, by the Walker filibustering expedition, and secondly, by the Civil War. From 1872 until 1882 there was one survey after another, and a commission appointed by President Grant unanimously reported on February 7, 1876, in favor of the Nicaragua route. It was, therefore, a profound disappointment to most Americans interested that an international congress held at Paris, in May, 1879, voted for the Panama Canal.

In 1884 a treaty was concluded between the United States and Nicaragua, with such peculiar provisions, however, that when President Cleveland took office he withdrew it from the consideration of the Senate. His reasons were that the agreement that the canal should be jointly owned by Nicaragua and the United States and that the United States should guarantee the integrity of Nicaragua was "inconsistent with its [the canal's] dedication to universal and neutral use." That was the original American ideal for the canal—that it should be an international waterway, neutralized and held in trust for all the nations of the world. It remained for President Roosevelt to overthrow this conception and to make of the Panama Canal a private possession of the United States calling for the expenditure of millions upon millions for coast defenses, the largest guns in the world, a permanent standing force of 508 officers and 7,663 enlisted men—almost as large as the whole standing army of this country in 1860. The canal was one of the most familiar excuses of our militarists for maintaining a large fleet and standing army. It is to be noted, too, that Mr. Cleveland held the proposal to indorse the integrity of the Nicaraguan state quite beyond American polity, and also beyond the means of the United States!

In 1889 Congress incorporated an American company to build the Nicaragua Canal with a capital of $200,000,000, and the company at once went to work and expended at Greytown, in preparation for the canal, no less than $2,000,000 before the funds gave out in 1893. Congress refused to aid the company financially, but in 1895 and 1897 appointed commissions of experts which recommended the construction of the canal and put the cost at only $135,000,000. The report of the second, or Walker, commission favored the Nicaragua route because of the difficulty of obtaining control of the Panama Canal Company, whose French mismanagers and owners demanded the large sum of $109,000,000 for their plant and as much of the canal as they had constructed. In May, 1900, and in January, 1902, the House of Representatives voted to accept the Nicaragua route and pay for it; only the Senate's refusal to concur prevented the canal from being built. Thereupon, the French Panama Canal Company, in great haste, reduced its price from $109,000,000 to $40,000,000, and the United States then became its successor and the Nicaragua proposal was abandoned. Nicaragua had seemed impregnably intrenched in American public opinion; but the Panama route was finally favored because of its shorter length, a lesser degree of curvature, a lower summit level, shorter time of transit, a lesser cost of maintenance, and because of the existence of a thoroughly equipped railroad.

The Panama Canal, however, cost $450,000,000. It is now stated that to enlarge the Panama Canal by a new lock will cost $125,000,000—almost the once estimated cost of the whole Nicaragua Canal. That figure, however, is now put not at $135,000,000, but at between half a billion and a billion. Last year the Panama Canal earned $15,000,000 net, and it is asserted that it is paying from 5 per cent to 6 per cent on the total investment in it. This is humbug pure and simple, for the cost is reckoned at $275,000,000; by some hocus-pocus, the remaining $175,000,000 of the actual cost is "charged to military defenses and additional purposes not directly related to commerce or canal interests." Of course, when the cost of new guns, of the maintenance of the military in Panama, of the constant fleet maneuvers off the Panama Canal, etc., are reckoned in, the showing is very different. It is to be hoped that Mr. Coolidge, who wants a survey made, will tell the truth about this, and will carefully investigate the allegation that the capacity of the canal will have been reached in eight or ten years. It is a fact that the number of ships using the canal grew from 1,075 to 5,197, exclusive of 534 United States government vessels, in the year ending June 30, 1926.

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Yellow Peril or White?

FOUR years ago brigands stopped a train bound from Peking and Shanghai and kidnapped its passengers, among them many foreigners. After their release, the Powers, by diplomatic pressure, compelled the Chinese Government to pay each foreigner $250 a day for the period of his detention. Now, while those white men were in captivity a foreign automobile ran down and killed a Chinese in the International Settlement of Shanghai. The Mixed Court, then under white control, awarded the family of the dead Chinese $25 damages—the indemnity paid a white man for about *two and a half hours* of mere captivity.

That was in 1923. The Chinese are in a different mood today; they will not tolerate such ghastly race discrimination in their own country, and the discriminations of the past are the reason for their bitterness today. But the foreigners? The talk of ultimatums, of coercion, of "immediate concerted action" leads one to fear that the foreigners have learned nothing.

What happened at Nanking on March 24? We do not yet know. The hot-headed Shanghai dispatches of most of the newspapermen give no suggestion of any calm study of the facts. We know that prior to the bombardment of the city by British and American guns six foreigners were killed, and none afterward. But the theory that this is cause and effect falls down when we learn further that the Cantonese general did not reach the city walls until an hour after the bombardment. The evidence at hand seems to indicate that he established order immediately upon his arrival, but that Northerners, and some Hunanese troops allied with the Cantonese, had prior to his arrival gone amuck. How many Chinese were killed by the foreign guns? Chinese reports run from six to 200,000; a British report says only three. Inasmuch as individual Americans of the Socony Hill party have been quoted as boasting that they had personally picked off and done for seven Chinese, one may assume that the British report, like the larger Chinese estimates, is colored by prejudice.

At any rate, Chinese were killed—several; and one American, two Britons, and one Japanese were killed. The Chinese are reported about to protest, but presumably they do not intend to enforce their protest by invading or blockading the United States and Great Britain. The British are reported determined to protest, the Japanese as inclined to protest, and the United States as uncertain only whether to join with the British or to protest alone. And the foreigners apparently are increasing their military and naval forces in China with the intention of enforcing their demand for apology, reparations, and guaranties for the future—perhaps by more bombardments, perhaps by a blockade, perhaps by more landing parties. The American Chamber of Commerce in Shanghai urges "immediate concerted action by the Powers . . . to suppress disorder and restore conditions favorable to the formation of a responsible government"—a large and vague order, which seems to mean assuming responsibility for the administration of all China.

And no one knows precisely what happened. There has been no neutral investigation. It is ridiculuous, and tragic.

We can understand the panic of the foreigners of Shanghai. They are a proud but tiny oligarchy which has built one of the great cities of the world upon race prejudice and race domination. Twenty thousand white men—with another twenty thousand darker-skinned Indians and Japanese—dominate a city of nearly a million Chinese. The old prestige of the white man in China is gone; the old life of Shanghai is doomed. No wonder the foreign community is in a state of mass hysteria, appealing for more guns, for reparations, guaranties, "action"—always for force.

But there is no need for home governments, with a longer perspective, to yield to the hysteria of a community which sees its old privileges slipping. The governments have a responsibility to protect foreign lives in China—but not an unlimited responsibility. Men who sit still in the face of a civil war and revolution of which they have had full warning take risks the burden of which they must bear themselves. Surely the American Government does not intend to enunciate the doctrine that its gunboats and marines will protect all Americans in China, no matter where they are, what they do, or at what cost. If they are caught in the fire and flame of civil war, it cannot be our duty to "protect" them at the cost of Chinese lives. What is this ghastly talk of blockading the Yangtze Valley but the assertion of a right of foreigners to starve and stop a civil war in order to defend the right of their alien nationals to live where even Chinese are unsafe?

That the British are alarmed is natural. Their Oriental empire is built upon the caste system. If China succeeds in establishing race equality within her borders, the example will shake the foundations of white domination in the Malay Peninsula, at Singapore, and in India. Of course the British strain every nerve to obtain the cooperation of the United States and of the other Powers in their desperate effort to rebuttress their empire. They have even brought pressure to bear on German banks in Shanghai—which are in debt to the larger British banks—to force the Germans in Shanghai to modify their pro-Chinese attitude. The American correspondents in Shanghai seem to have caught the infectious hysteria of the British in that city; their cables are less news than editorial pleas for an alliance with Great Britain. This is partly due to the fact that we also are accustomed to drawing color lines; in part, however, it is a reflection of the persistent American "inferiority complex," always most marked among the expatriates in foreign cities and in diplomatic circles in Washington. The French press is full of emphatic denunciations of the British and American exaggerations of the Chinese situation, and the Japanese have been calm and level-headed throughout. Only the Americans have accepted the British theory that it is necessary to act violently to restore white prestige—and fortunately, not all of them. There are still missionaries in the interior who insist that their task is to continue with the Chinese people, and who feel themselves safe. Many even of the American business men in Hankow, including bankers and Standard Oil officials, think that the diplomatic instructions to evacuate are dictated by panic rather than by statesmanship. They smack of preparation for war.

Let us beware. Joining with Britain in this crisis, asserting our will by force is a plain warning to China that for her there is a White Peril. It may end by creating for us a Yellow Peril which does not yet exist.

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The Revolt of the Traveler

WHEN will the guides and the makers of guide-books to Europe discover that the traveler of today is not the same person as the one who made the "grand tour" fifty years ago? The traveler of today is in revolt. Like youth, women, and the weather, the modern traveler is taking on a new character. He does not want a tour like Mother used to make, nor is he satisfied to ask Dad, for he doubts if Dad knows.

To put it bluntly, the modern traveler is bored stiff with half of what the guides and the guide-books lead him into. He drags his feet wearily through innumerable churches, looking at altar-pieces in which he has no interest; he stands on historic battle-fields with no other emotion than a desire to fight the man who brought him there. The American woman of mature years still feels for the most part that it is her duty to see the accepted "sights." The American man has no such sense of responsibility, and although commonly dragooned into going the rounds, he is furtively looking for an avenue of escape. The American youth is frankly flippant. And at that let the old-time guide and guide-book beware!

Of course, the excellent and accurate Baedeker (and its imitations) is not to be cast aside. It is a reservoir of invaluable information in regard to hotels, money, railways, and a thousand other practical details, but as a guide to what to see it is top-heavy with art, archaeology, and ancient history. The average traveler of today has some interest in art and archaeology, though less than is assumed by the usual guide-book. And when it comes to viewing the battlefield of Waterloo, standing on the spot where Sir Walter Raleigh smoked his first cigar, or visiting the room where Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned, he wants—and increasingly he dares—to say, Bosh! As to cathedrals, he hopes after three months in Europe never to see one again.

The revolt of the modern traveler against the accepted "sights" is well enough understood so that, so far as Paris is concerned, at least, we have lately been visited with an entirely new sort of guide-book, one which ignores all the usual material and is filled only with information about restaurants, cabarets, and "gay night life." But such books jump too far in the other direction. The average traveler to Europe is less trivially minded than they assume. He has serious interests; student tours are now arranged for the study of modern languages and other subjects in Europe for which college credits are given. A man of long experience with American travelers in Europe is writing a literary guide, giving information in regard to scenes and people made familiar by authors of today and yesterday. He plans a similar book for students of music. Nor should the interests of the student of modern politics and economics be neglected. Everyone who has ever attempted investigations in those directions knows that the standard guide-book is full of facts about the catacombs of Rome but has nothing whatever about the silk industry of modern Italy. Since the World War, especially, thousands of Americans go to Europe with a serious interest in present conditions and problems.

And the European guide is even more of a back number than the guide-book. He is repeating the same patter today that his grandfather did half a century ago. It is time for him to learn a new piece.

The Outrages at Nanking

By WILLIAM F. PROHME

(By cable to *The Nation*)

Shanghai, April 4

G. A. KENNEDY, a Chinese-speaking American, formerly a student at the Columbia School of Journalism, went to Nanking and made a two-day observation of the effects and occurrences of March 24. This is a digest of his statement: "By April 1, 27,000 interned Shantung prisoners had been registered in Nanking by the victorious Nationalists. All these, and more, were in the city when the first Nationalist soldiers entered at 3 a. m. on the twenty-fourth. The attacks on foreigners in the morning and afternoon of that day, resulting in the deaths of one American, two British, and one Japanese, and the looting of the consulates of those countries, therefore, cannot be conclusively fixed upon the Nationalist soldiers.

"The first of the four foreign deaths, that of J. E. Williams, vice-president of Nanking University, occurred at 8 a. m. on the twenty-fourth. It has been proved that four other Americans were with Williams at the time the soldiers threatened. Williams drew his revolver and was immediately shot dead. The others were not hurt. The three other foreign deaths occurred in the late afternoon before the bombardment, which was at 4.30 p. m. The Nationalist general entered the city at 5.30.

"The foreign houses burned or looted were all on the route taken by the Northerners in their efforts to escape from the city. Foreign houses were not the only houses looted. Hundreds of Chinese were robbed and many killed by the soldiers, presumably, again, Northerners running amuck.

"The physical effects of the bombardment by the British and American war vessels are comparatively slight. About fifty Chinese houses were wrecked, and one foreign-inhabited home was demolished. The number of Chinese casualties was probably under one hundred. But this is uncertain, as they have not yet been recorded."

Despite the uncertainty regarding the affiliations of the soldiers participating in the outrages, the Nationalist military officials concede the possibility that some of the first Southerners entering the city were among the culprits, but they doubt the probability. The previous record of the Nationalist soldiery is unblemished by any such attacks. This is considered strong circumstantial evidence in their favor.

Shanghai itself is thick with the atmosphere of anti-Nationalist propaganda generated by the local British press. The correspondents are working in and affected by this atmosphere.

The bombardment by the British cruiser of Nanking is not changing the Chinese attitude. They are accustomed to such action by the British. But participation by the United States gunboat was a profound shock to the Chinese. The impression that an American gets in talking with the Chinese is that they are profoundly disappointed. They had hoped that the United States would be definitely friendly in all circumstances. Their feeling is that the United States policy is now completely dominated by the British. It is to be noted that the Japanese gunboat at Nanking did not participate in the bombardment, although Japanese nationals and the Japanese Consulate suffered equally with the others.

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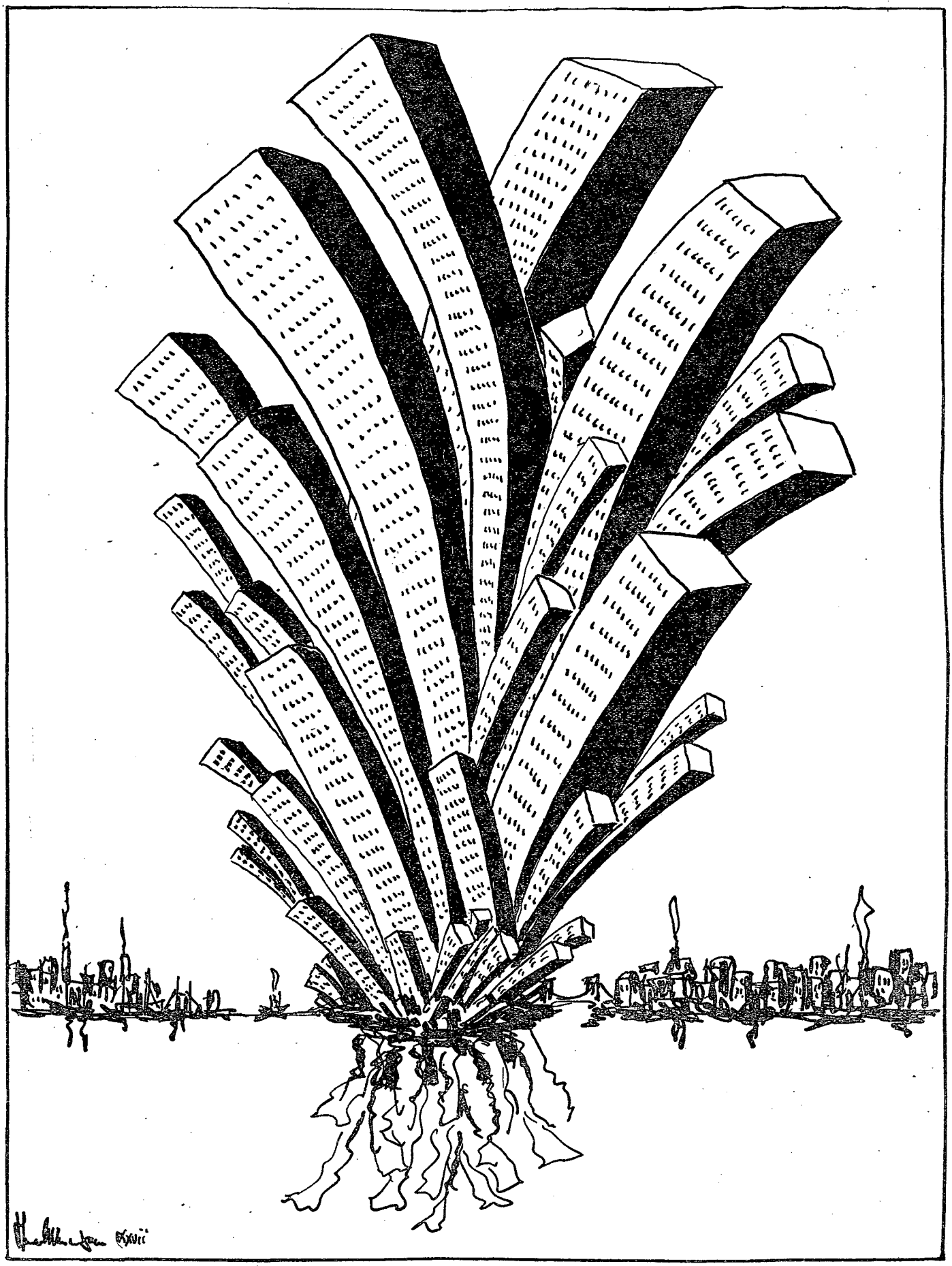

Top-heavy

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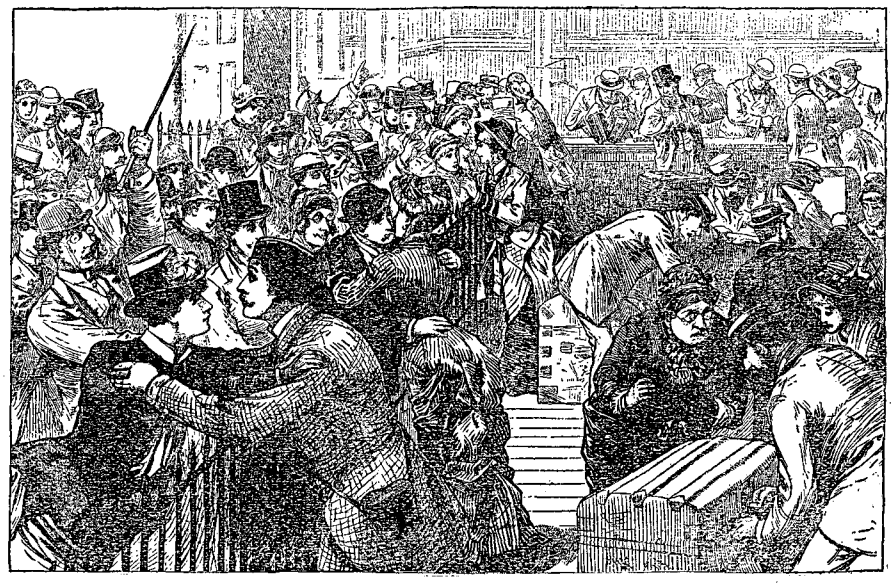
The Ferry to Europe

By ARTHUR WARNER

WESTBOUND transatlantic passenger traffic for the year 1492 totaled eighty-eight persons, carried in three ships. There was no eastbound traffic. That did not begin until the next year, when two ships, the Niña and the Pinta, cleared for European ports. (The Santa Maria had gone aground off Santo Domingo and was left behind.) There are no exact statistics of the number of persons carried to Europe on the Niña and the Pinta, but the total was below the westbound traffic in 1492. Then, as now, the foreigner arriving on our shores expressed immediate admiration for the American girl, and doubtless that was a potent reason for the failure of some to return who had booked with Columbus on his first tour to see America first.



From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*

The Return from Abroad—1884

From that day to this westbound travel has continued to be the heavier, but the amount and character of the movement in both directions has undergone amazing changes. Last year—in spite of the Volstead law—661,000 persons traveled from Europe to America, while 431,000 went the other way. That represents the largest movement in either direction since the beginning of the World War, but it promises to be surpassed by the travel this year. Probably never before has the more desired accommodation for the summer-vacation season been sold out so far in advance. Accommodation eastbound for the months of May, June, and July on the handful of cheap and popular steamships carrying only tourist third-class passengers has practically been preempted since Christmas. Accommodation for the same months on what are called cabin ships—those carrying no class above second—has been almost equally in demand.

America is said within recent years to have become motor-mad, dance-mad, radio-mad. One might add travel-mad. Vacations seem to have become more of a necessity than work. We take them in winter now as well as in summer. We flit away for week-ends all the year around. And a trip to Europe is regarded almost as casually as a week-end. The followers of Columbus mutinied en route from disbelief and despair. Even as recently as 1838, the year in which the Sirius made the first transatlantic passage known certainly to have been accomplished all the way by steam, the crew mutinied when the fuel gave out, crazed with the fear that they would never see land again. The other day when the President Harding ran out of fuel in mid-ocean the passengers made a picnic of it, sure that the ship's officers would bring them safely to dock—as they did. The modern spirit toward transatlantic travel is expressed in a recent newspaper cartoon in which a woman, bidding goodby to another at a liner's gangplank, says lightly: "And be sure to give me a ring as soon as you reach London." We eat and dance our way across the Atlantic as we do up and down Broadway.

Not only does the modern traveler cross the Atlantic in a different spirit from the old, but the traveler himself has changed. European vacations are no longer for the so-called upper classes only. They have become democratic. America's phenomenal material prosperity in recent years has seeped into new and numerous places. In this the Restless Age everybody travels. Parents run off to Europe without their children and children without their parents. College boys and office clerks are caught by the same lure. Girls go it alone. Everybody's Stenographer ascends the gangplank of the Leviathan (second-class or tourist third) as nonchalantly as she would leave her desk for lunch.

Yet with all the growth of the tourist habit transatlantic travel is not yet what it was before the World War—not in either direction. In 1913, the last full year before the conflict, westbound traffic amounted to 1,866,000 persons, almost three times the movement in 1926. Eastbound travel totaled 719,000 persons, nearly 75 per cent as many again as in 1926. It is not necessary to look in the back of "Ask Me Another" for the answer. It is to be found in the publications of the Government Printing Office—in our post-war restrictive immigration laws. In 1913 there were 1,406,000 steerage passengers among the total of 1,866,000 coming from Europe; they were almost all immigrants. In the other direction 473,000 of the 719,999 were likewise third-class passengers—immigrants going back temporarily or for good. In 1926 only 313,000 of the 661,000 westbound passengers and 152,000 of the 431,000 eastbound travelers were in the steerage.

In 1924 the transatlantic steamship companies were faced with a crisis. During and just after the war they had made huge profits through chartering their vessels to their governments or by carrying at high rates the multitudinous cargoes offered. Then came the slump. Cargoes dwindled in an era of trade depression while the passenger

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business was at ebb. Fares were high; Europe was dismal; travel there was beset with difficulties; Americans had lost the habit of going abroad for pleasure. The immigration traffic was the one bright spot; it seemed destined to develop again rapidly. But the American Congress had other ideas. It passed in quick succession two restrictive laws. The last and most drastic, in 1924, cut immigration to a mere dribble of the former stream. The steamship companies were hard hit. What to do? Some officials fatuously proposed that fares be raised. Others fortunately realized that higher fares would strangle such passenger business as there was. Actually, although not ostensibly, a lowering of rates began.

How? In the first place the companies began to reestablish the one-class vessels at second-cabin rates which had been so justly popular before the war. Such ships sometimes carry third- but never first-class passengers. Hence persons traveling at second-cabin rates actually have the accommodations and prestige of first-class passengers although on slower vessels and without so bristling a display of cutlery on either side of them at table. These vessels are now known as cabin ships. The word is a poor one, meaning nothing, but it has been adopted generally, and so doubtless must be accepted. Nearly every company of importance now operates a number of cabin ships, and they are always popular with experienced passengers to whom speed is not of first importance.

But in addition to the cabin ship a genuine innovation was tried in 1924. It is impossible to say with whom the idea originated. Probably Edward A. Filene, the Boston merchant, deserves some of the credit. He was reiterating publicly at the time his belief that Americans were ready and keen to resume European travel but could not in any numbers afford existing first- or even second-cabin fares. He argued that steamships offered more luxury than most Americans were accustomed to at home; that thousands of persons were ready to travel even in some hardship if they could be assured of economy, cleanliness, and decency. He proposed that the Shipping Board fit out some of its idle or unprofitable vessels with a view to attracting the potential travelers that he had in mind. *The Nation* commended editorially Mr. Filene's suggestions.

Several companies, almost simultaneously, experimented with a plan embodying substantially Mr. Filene's ideas, whether or not they got them from him. They announced a new, manicured, English-speaking steerage, with the odor of garlic and cheese chased out to sea. Only of course they didn't call it steerage. They called it, that first year, student or tourist accommodation. It has since been classified as tourist third-class, with the "third-class" dropped by mutual consent so far as practicable. The idea was to set aside a portion of the third-class quarters—largely empty since the decline of immigration—for students, teachers, and other persons of education but limited means. It was recognized that the average American objected to the existing third-class not so much because of the hardness of the bunks or the plainness of the food as because of the habits of his fellow-passengers and the way he was herded around by stewards and officers.

The United States Line maintains that it was first with this new kind of travel. On the other hand the International Mercantile Marine Company holds that one of its ships, the Regina, carried the first bona fide student party abroad at low rates; that the tour was organized by Earl Hubbell of Boston, sailing from Montreal in 1924. As a matter of fact at least four companies tried the new plan in a small way that same summer. The *Nautical Gazette* of May 3, 1924, stated that the Cunard Line had arranged three sailings with provisions for this special form of third-class travel, while the United States Lines announced four, the International Mercantile Marine three, and the French Line two.

The idea was a sensational success. It caught the public fancy and in college and certain other circles became "the thing to do." A good time was had by one and all. The next year the new kind of travel was extended and put on a permanent basis. It has been increasing ever since. In 1925 some 20,000 persons booked tourist from Atlantic ports, while last year the number was more than doubled and this season will show a still further gain. Several vessels now carry only tourist passengers. Aboard such one is in fact a first-class passenger traveling in a simpler and less expensive way than usual.

If we exclude steerage traffic as almost wholly immigrant, then the other kinds of travel—which may be regarded as tourist—have, taken together, been heavier since 1925 than they were in 1913. In other words more Americans have been going abroad on pleasure or business trips for the past two years than just before the World War, in spite of the fact that the total traffic is smaller. The following figures show the number of passengers from and to Atlantic ports (Canada included) for 1926, by classes:

WESTBOUND		EASTBOUND
95,000	First-class	92,000
100,000	Cabin-class	75,000
117,000	Second-class	69,000
36,000	Tourist third-class	43,000
313,000	Third-class	152,000
661,000		431,000

Fares vary according to the season of the year, the type of ship, and the character of accommodation obtained, but in a rough way it may be said that it is hard to get a satisfactory first-class passage, one way, for less than $250. Cabin and second-class rates range around $150. Tourist third-class costs about $100, and ordinary third-class, or steerage, $10 or $15 less. Even with the practical lowering of fares which has been accomplished by the development of the cabin ships and the novelty of the tourist third-class, rates are higher than before the war in comparison with the cost of living. Before the war one could get a first-class ticket to Europe for from $100 to $125, a second-class passage for from $45 to $60, and third-class accommodation for from $30 to $40. Rates are now more than twice those amounts—in the second-class almost three times as high—whereas the general cost of living is only about 75 per cent higher than in 1914.

There are sound reasons why steamship fares are higher now, compared with other costs, than before the war. For one thing the standard of accommodation—and therefore the expense—has been rising. The lost immigrant traffic is another factor. In former days, even at the low fares asked, the immigrant more than paid his way; he helped to bear the expenses of his more prosperous fellow-travelers in the first and second cabins, although there is no record of receipt by him of any testimonials of gratitude. It is said of the street transit of New York City that the profit is in the straps. So in the steamships

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of pre-war days the profit was in the steerage. Finally, the older travel could be handled more economically because it was better distributed. Third-class traffic was heavier, of course, westbound than eastbound, but it was fairly constant throughout the year. On the other hand, the tourist travel, upon which the modern passenger carrier must depend, is highly seasonal and irregular. It flows strong in summer and weak in winter. And the summer flood moves first in one direction and then in the other. In May, June, and July vessels travel eastward as crowded as movie theaters and return with as much unfilled room as a hall in which there is a lecture on "The Duty of the Citizen Toward the Community." In August, September, and October the process is reversed.

A striking aspect of post-war steamship travel is the rise of the Italian lines and the revival of the German business. Fifteen years ago few Americans could be persuaded to travel on Italian vessels, although even at that time many of them were most satisfactory. But the average American settled the argument by saying that he disliked garlic and anyhow: "In case of accident the officers and crew would lose their heads. They'd jump into the boats first and leave the rest of us behind." Recently that attitude has disappeared, and the new, luxurious Italian liners are among the most fashionable on the Atlantic.

Equally interesting is the revival of the German lines. Previous to the war their ships had a high reputation for comfort, courtesy, good food, and a friendly atmosphere. The war cost the German lines practically all of their once magnificent fleet and left them with a stigma of ill-will besides. They have overcome both of these handicaps and their fast-growing fleet of newly built vessels is rapidly restoring the lines their old prestige. The German companies have the advantage that their vessels are all modern and thus adapted to the latest requirements. The North German Lloyd has recently built for its New York-Bremen route the 32,500-ton steamship Columbus, the largest and fastest vessel under the German flag. The Hamburg-American Line has been equally indefatigable in its effort to win back its former eminence on the high seas. Its "spring offering" to the North Atlantic passenger trade is the newly constructed steamship New York.

Neighbors and Friends*

A Plea for Justice to Mexico

By WILLIAM E. BORAH

WILLIAM M. EVARTS, at the time Secretary of State, in discussing our affairs with Mexico, declared:

> The first duty of a government is to protect life and property. This is a paramount obligation. For this governments are instituted, and governments neglecting or failing to perform it become worse than useless.

I suppose few, if any, will differ with this fundamental truth. The only controversy which could possibly arise would be over the manner and method of carrying this principle into execution.

President Coolidge, in his first message to Congress, had this to say:

> Our foreign policy has always been actuated by two principles. The one is the avoidance of permanent political alliances which would sacrifice our proper independence; the other is the peaceful settlement of controversies between nations. By example and by treaty we have advocated arbitration.

With that policy I find myself in enthusiastic accord. Perhaps the highest service in international affairs which our great Government can now render to the cause of peace and to humanity is to demonstrate to the world that when we have been talking about arbitration and advancing the cause of arbitration through speech we have meant what we said. If controversies relative to property rights cannot be arbitrated and are not to be subject to arbitration, then arbitration need no longer be regarded as a thing of substance in the advancement of peace between nations.

A few weeks ago a high official of this Government said in discussing the affairs of Mexico: "We find its hand [the Third International] clutching at the heart of our sister republic on the south. We find it stirring up trouble in Asia, in China, in Nicaragua." And then the speaker significantly added: We must have a strong army and navy "to assist weaker nations to maintain free government." This statement is to be commended for its candor. It tells the whole story. It is too often true that wherever a people may be found seeking to throw off foreign domination, to establish their own government and protect their own interests, some strong government discovers a Bolshevistic conspiracy and thereupon a benevolent desire with the army and navy "to assist weaker nations to maintain free government."

For nearly a hundred years China has been hobbled with signally unfair treaties. Her territory has been from time to time parceled out and her ports and trade controlled and dominated by foreign nations. Many years ago it became apparent that the Chinese were harboring a deep feeling of resentment against these conditions. They indicated their purpose to contest further encroachments and ultimately to be rid of those already established. Sixteen years ago a revolution took place, and since that time the nationalistic spirit has strengthened and spread until now an entire nation seems, whatever its differences may be about other things, determined to be rid of foreign domination. Immediately the cry was raised that there was a Bolshevistic conspiracy, that Russia was at work stirring up trouble in China. It mattered little that the nationalistic movement long preceded the appearance of the Russian Revolution. I venture the opinion that had there never been a Russian revolution, the program in China would not have been materially different from what it has been and now is.

In 1924 an election was held in Nicaragua. The successful candidates for President and Vice-President were elected by a very large majority. The election law was framed under the direction and the election held under the

* Extract from a speech delivered under the auspices of the Trades Council at New Haven, Connecticut, on March 20.

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counsel and advice of a distinguished American citizen. The newly elected officers took office on the first day of January, 1925. In August, 1925, two prominent members of the opposing political party started a revolution; their names were Chamorro and Diaz. They drove the duly elected President and Vice-President from the country, compelling the former under duress to tender his resignation. Since that time the conflict has gone on. This is another instance in which it is claimed Bolshevism is clutching at the throat of a small nation and another instance in which it becomes necessary with the army and navy "to assist a weak nation to maintain free government." It will also be recalled that the Bolshevists stirred up trouble in the Riff country, among those hardy devotees of independence and freedom. They were also the conspirators who spread revolution in Syria, so we are advised. I recall that at one time, not many months ago, there were seven small or weak nations struggling for their independence and for their freedom who were charged with being dominated by the Bolshevists and who were being helped by strong nations through their armies and navies "to establish free governments."

All this is but a preface to a discussion of Mexico and Mexican policies. Is the hand of the Third International clutching at the throat of Mexico? For weeks and months the propaganda has been put out that Mexico and Central America have come under the domination of communistic teachings and that this is the cause of trouble in that part of the world. I venture to assert that the Third International, that Russia, has not one thing to do with Mexico or with Mexican policies. No country on this Western Continent has been more outspoken or vigilant against communism than Mexico. Her labor organization and her President have not left the world in doubt. Mexico has her troubles and her own idea of dealing with them, and her policies, wise or unwise, are of her own making. She alone is responsible for those policies and for their execution. Communism and Russian influence have no more to do with either the origin or execution of those policies than they have to do with the policies of our own Government. The only Communists who ever made any trouble with Mexico went there from the United States and were sent back by the Mexican Government.

The agrarian revolution in Mexico began in 1910, seven years before the Russian Revolution. Professor Hackett, of the University of Texas, an able and disinterested student of Mexican affairs, has declared:

> At the outset it may be said that the Mexican Revolution, which began in 1910, was as inevitable as was the French Revolution, and as the causes for that more celebrated European struggle lay in the history of France as a divine-right monarchy, so the causes of the Mexican Revolution of 1910 are to be found in the history of the so-called thirty-five years' presidential reign of Porfirio Diaz.

I believe the facts justify completely Professor Hackett's statement.

Let us look at these facts. They ought to silence the lips of those who would have the American people believe that Mexico has simply gone mad over communism. When Diaz became President of Mexico in 1876, Mexico already had her share of large estates, great ranches, haciendas. Diaz, during his reign, disposed of some 134,600,000 acres of land, part of it legally and part otherwise. Some of it was sold to political parties and some of it was given to his retainers and supporters. This acreage thus disposed of was about three times the size of all New England. The average citizen received none of it—in fact, the small holders were dispossessed and their property confiscated in order to enable the large holders to increase their acreage.

From time immemorial the Mexican villages have owned communal lands, the *ejidos*, averaging in area from 4,390 acres to 17,560 acres. These lands were used by the villagers for raising food and pasturing their animals. The communal holdings were all that stood between the villagers and peonage. These lands under Spanish and Mexican law could not be alienated. But Diaz broke up and destroyed over 90 per cent of the communal holdings—a ruthless, brutal exploitation of the poor people of Mexico. When the communal holdings were destroyed, 3,103,402 Mexicans passed into a state of peonage, they became serfs, working upon the lands to pay a debt that could never be extinguished.

In 1910, at the close of Diaz's administration, there were 834 haciendados [large landowners], holding haciendas ranging in size from 22,000 to 6,000,000 acres. In the state of Morelos alone 20 haciendados owned and controlled the entire state, while 180,000 Mexicans in that state alone were landless. It is asserted that at the close of Diaz's administration 96 per cent of the heads of the rural families were without land and without means of acquiring land. So we had 834 haciendados, while at the other end of the ladder were 12,000,000 propertyless and landless people, forced into cruel and unending economic bondage.

This was the condition of affairs which confronted Mexico at the close of the reign of Diaz. It was a condition which must either have been changed or at least modified or Mexico as a nation must have perished. No nation could long endure with its vast and incalculable wealth in the hands of a few hundred while the million were serfs.

Nothing could show more conclusively that it was the land problem, the economic problem, which brought on the revolution from 1910 to 1920, than the action of Diaz in the closing hours of his reign. A few days before his resignation and flight he submitted to Congress a plan for getting the land back to the people. This bill gave power to the Executive to subdivide the lands and to expropriate large estates for this purpose. The proposal embodied the plan of breaking up the large estates and employed confiscation in order to accomplish that end. It was subject to every objection now made to the land laws of Mexico. It was a futile effort to stay the revolution. It was too late. The people were aroused. The people who had been robbed of their lands, the villagers who had been despoiled of their communal holdings, the people who were hungry, young men whose fathers had been drafted to serve as peons or who had lost their holdings and upon complaint had been shot were aroused from one end of the country to another. Belshazzar's feast was drawing to a close, and the fight of the people of Mexico for their lands was already in progress.

No one will deny the right of Mexico to pass the land laws she passed. As to the future she had an absolute right to establish any land system she deemed proper. Our Government does not question it. Wise or unwise, they were within her competency to enact. The thing which she did not have the right to do, and has not the right to do in the execution of these laws, is to destroy vested rights, to confiscate property. This we are in duty bound to insist she must not do. The supreme question is this: Is Mexico, in the stupendous task which now confronts her, acting in good

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faith? Is she in sincerity endeavoring to work out her problem and in doing so to respect the vested rights of our people? I believe Mexico is acting in good faith. I have examined the laws of more than one country where the attempt has been made to break up large estates, and in none of these countries do the laws more thoroughly respect the vested rights of foreigners. For myself, I do not fear to say that I sympathize with Mexico in her task. She may fail in this great national effort, but I do not propose to commit the crime of wishing her to fail. If I should be convinced that there is wilful and deliberate purpose to destroy American life or American property, I think I should be as swift as anyone to go to their protection. But so long as there is evidence of a sincere effort to solve this problem in harmony with our substantial rights, I feel we should cooperate in a spirit of genuine help and friendship. Especially do I feel that these slanderous statements that Mexico is actuated by a spirit of ruin, of destruction, that she is governed and controlled by communistic influences abroad, that she is simply seeking plunder, can bring no good to our own people or in any way protect our interests in Mexico. There is a higher and better and more peaceful and lawful method by which to protect our interests. God has made us neighbors—let justice make us friends. The first step toward justice is to stop making false and unfair statements about Mexico.

Borah—Watchdog on the Potomac

By RAYMOND CLAPPER

Washington, D. C., March 26

THAT faint-hearted flirtation which Mr. Coolidge started up with Senator Borah some time back seems to be over. Breakfast, luncheon, and dinner invitations from the President to the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee are becoming more rare. The resplendent White House limousine no longer rolls up to the north entrance of the Senate office building to pick up the distinguished Senator. Roses from the Presidential conservatory are not being sent to the Borah apartment as often as formerly. The Senator must have made it clear that he and the President could be just good friends, nothing more. At any rate, Borah is now back undisturbed in his favorite role as the watchdog on the Potomac.

Those who believe that democratic government functions best when there is a healthy, outspoken opposition are compelled to count on Borah alone. For he is the opposition at Washington now. Formerly that function was assumed by the Democratic Party. Of late the Democrats seem to have abdicated. The so-called leaders have been going through motions. For instance, they met recently and solemnly resolved, Mr. McAdoo's Toledo speech to the contrary notwithstanding, that prohibition is not a political issue. Toward the end of the last session Senator Robinson of Arkansas, minority leader of the Senate, sponsored a resolution favoring arbitration with Mexico. But the resolution was so general and so innocuous that every Senator voted for it. Senator Heflin, Alabama Democrat, conducted an extremely vocal attack on the Administration's Mexican policy, but his Democratic colleagues looked on silently with apologetic smirks. And it was a Democrat, Reed of Missouri, who answered Heflin, defending the Administration.

Senators, Republicans as well as Democrats, went around complaining that they could not get the facts from the State Department. Who did anything about it? Borah. He called Secretary Kellogg before the committee though with only indifferent support from some of the leading Democratic members of the committee. That was not satisfactory and Borah then sought to get information direct. He wrote to President Calles and was accused of violating the ancient Logan Act. He proposed that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee visit Central America and get facts first hand. Democratic leaders on the committee feared this would embarrass the Administration and they assisted in amending the resolution so that the committee would be compelled to remain within the confines of the United States. When the Administration guard on the Committee on Audit and Control killed off the resolution Borah was the only mourner.

The same sort of thing happened with regard to China. Opposition in the Senate to continuation of the extraterritorial rights came from Borah, and from him alone.

What is the situation now? Congress has gone home. Democratic leader Robinson has gone to Little Rock, Arkansas, and expects to go to the Orient during the summer recess. It is gossiped in Washington that he wants to stop off in the Philippines and see if a political issue can be dug up there, realizing no doubt that his party is not ready to take hold of a hot issue here at home.

Borah, on the other hand, has settled down in Washington for most of the summer. He may go alone to Latin-America later, but barring this possibility he will remain in the Capitol in the role of Horatius at the bridge, working alone to counteract the White House Spokesman, who otherwise with Congress away would have the public ear all to himself.

Perhaps the best indication of the real importance of Borah as the spokesman and sole embodiment of the opposition at Washington is the fact that every afternoon at three o'clock newspaper correspondents gather in his office to question him about public affairs. These meetings are on the initiative of the correspondents, who find them the only means of obtaining the opposition viewpoint and balancing the Administration position.

Borah seldom talks for publication at these conferences. He feels that he cannot talk as freely for publication as he did before he became chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and he has resorted to the same protective device as the President with his Official Spokesman. The system has its drawbacks regardless of who uses it, but in the absence of anything better the two spokesmen functioning at either end of Pennsylvania Avenue act as checks on each other. Taken together they enable the newspapers to furnish the public with a fairly balanced version of what is going on.

Borah's reticence about talking for quotation accounts somewhat for the view prevalent in Washington just now that the Senator's star, after a long ascendancy, is fading.

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He suffers by popular comparison with Jim Reed. Borah has had to yield the headlines to some extent to the more spectacular perambulating Senator from Missouri, who has been unusually active in the last year.

But a poll of the headlines is no real index here. Reed has done effective and spectacular work. Borah has done effective but not such spectacular work. Perhaps the Senator from Idaho has learned that to be effective it is not necessary to scold at the top of his voice every day. At any rate, while the Democrats have abandoned the true role of a minority party, a solitary and unwontedly quiet Borah is keeping vigilant watch along the Potomac.

These Modern Women

Lightning Speed Through Life

ANONYMOUS

[*We print herewith the twelfth of a series of anonymous articles giving the personal backgrounds of a group of distinguished women with a modern point of view. The next article will appear in* The Nation *for April 27.*]

WE always have been and are now a family of laughers. When father and mother and the seven children with the grandchildren gather each fall in the family camp on the lake shore in northern Maine, we do more laughing in two hours than lots of families do in six months.

There are several reasons for the laughter that has always welled up through our family relations like a clear spring. Perhaps the main reason is that father and mother have loved each other with a feeling that runs through the whole structure of their emotional and mental beings, not a consuming passion but a living and powerful reality. I have never heard them quarrel. Sometimes one turned upon the other with a burst of passionate impatience, but even now when they are far along in years—father is eighty-seven—these occasional gusts end in a quaint bit of humor like a rainbow.

My forebears on both sides were pioneers of New England stock. My paternal grandfather was a doctor, and one of the founders of the village in northern Maine which was, until recent years, a lumber-supply center for the lumbering operations to the north and west. He and a handful of other college-educated men founded the academy, the library, and the churches, and ran the affairs of the town in the days when northern Maine depended for its communications on stage routes through unbroken forest. He was a little man who drove through the woods at a great pace in a very high, two-wheeled untopped gig, hitched to a dappled mare named Nell. Under the seat was a bag of little black pills.

Father was until recently more than six feet tall with a splendid physique, dark eyes and hair, a commanding personality, and what is called in the town "the family gift for gab." He was not a student and did not go to college, but he has been a thinker after his original fashion all his life. He reaches his conclusions as the crow flies, and they are sound and logical.

Mother's people were ship-builders and farmers. Her father, a West Point graduate, was killed when she was very small. She lived with her grandfather, who used to clear a fine farm, plant it to small fruits, and then get rid of it to start all over again on another spot. There are in mother fine feeling, innate reasonableness, gentle understanding of people, and a love of beautiful and gracious things. She has a swift, buoyant spirit, intrepid but with some shyness in it, as if her solitary childhood in the depths of forest country had left its touch upon her. Her schooling was not much, but she has read and studied and gathered knowledge from every direction until she is one of the most well-informed persons I know. Physically she has always had great recuperative power. If this had been lacking she would have succumbed to the amount of manual labor that always confronted her.

As a family, we lived all the life there was to be lived in the community, on the farm, and in the woods. Money was scarce—the only rugs we ever had were moose and deer skins and a chance nickel looked as big as a straw bed—but I do not see how with money we could have got more out of our surroundings. Father was for many years a lumberman in the woods around Katahdin and to the north of it. We children, four boys and three girls, spent our vacations in the string of lumber camps. It never seemed to occur to anybody that girls didn't do everything that boys did. Nobody ever followed us around or suggested fear to us. We were expected to use good judgment and keep our wits sharp. Guns, canoes, axes were utensils to use and handle with skill whenever we had need of them. We met the test of endurance at every hand.

In all that woods life—from the winter camps with their vigorous activities to the spring drives of logs with crashing white waters, log-jams, the ringing bing of cant dogs, dams with their roaring sluiceways—we children belonged, not so much looking on as feeling part and parcel of it. And back on the farm, with woods on four sides of it, we belonged too. We worked hard and played hard, and all the children in the neighborhood were welcome to come and play with us.

We were always going off on camping expeditions of various kinds—and are yet, for that matter. Piling on buckboards behind teams of horses with tent and food; spending a week or two on some distant lake shore, or back over the tote roads to the fire-swept Wissattaquoik Valley for blueberries; on to a Grand Army encampment, for father was a Civil War veteran, or to a county fair perhaps. All expeditions that filled us youngsters with joy as well as the several neighbors' children who went along. And Thanksgiving and Christmas were gorgeous feasts; the relatives all gathered to make holiday, and being a hearty folk, they loved fun as well as a groaning board.

My parents both had the old New England ideal of responsibility for public affairs and were leaders in church and town activities, working tooth and nail for the things they believed in. We children shared in discussions of these questions, as well as of national politics. We had current magazines and papers and a good supply of books. We had

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to attend church and Sunday school as long as we lived at home, but we were never urged to join the church. My parents' religious belief is a real thing to them, but it has no bigotry. They never tried to force it down our throats, nor did they any other belief. As I feel back along my childhood I am not conscious of any galling strain, but rather a rapid movement of prodigious and wholesome vigor. Father and mother succeeded in leaving us children a wide freedom of choice. After I left home it never occurred to me to lay any of my decisions before my parents nor did it ever occur to me that their disagreements with my decisions or ways of life could make any real difference in their feeling toward me.

With a few dollars earned by teaching a back-district school—I added some by building my own fires and chucking the wood in through the schoolhouse window—I started forth into the world to seek my fortune. As a small child I decided, one day, to learn to dive. I went out by myself in a canoe to a raft we had in the middle of a bottomless cove, clambered up the springboard, and dived straight down into the black water. If my fears had got the best of me I should have drowned, but they didn't. In much the same way I plunged into the world.

My first venture was ringing the bell of the great door in the Massachusetts Normal Art School in Boston. Our schools at home had no drawing at all, but by making caricatures of the teachers on the blackboards—and being put in the corner therefor—I had discovered a little talent. I had an idea that by training this a bit I might help myself through college. This particular door of the Normal Art School was most imposing and was used only on state occasions; but I didn't know that and rang away at the bell. A six-foot Negro—the first I'd ever seen—opened the door, finally, and stared down at me with bulging eyes. "Was dat you makin' all dat ringin'!" he exclaimed, taking in my diminutive figure in impossible country clothes, "I t'ought 'twas a fire!"

I stayed in that school as long as my money lasted, which was not long. I did not get much out of it. The life of the great city interested me so passionately that I had little time to spend in the musty depths of the school. I hated the plinths and the dead white casts and the stiff designs for wall-paper. One instructor's phrase did become a part of my equipment and has stuck to me like a good angel ever since: I had chased a circus parade through Chinatown when I should have been preparing for an examination; consequently I failed. When I told my charcoal teacher about it he said heartily, "Don't let a little thing like that bother you."

I finally gave up my college ambitions for two reasons: I failed the preliminary examinations—mischief had played a bigger part in my school days than application—and I became obsessed with the idea of teaching an elocution and physical culture system that an Armenian preacher in our town had introduced to me. Having earned half the money necessary to get to Washington, D. C., where the school was located, I borrowed the rest from a Canadian woodsman and departed. My scientist brother, living in Washington, investigated the school and reported it mostly fake, but I entered just the same.

The head of this establishment, learning of my brother's condemnation, took out his wrath on me. He was rascal enough to refuse me admittance to the two classes for which I had paid tuition until I had paid cash tuition for all the classes there were. Somehow I raised the money. It was a disagreeable year, but at the end came an episode that eased my sore heart. Twice in the season the school gave a public performance. The head attempted to shut me out of these, but one of the teachers, a most noble and gifted woman, put me into the final exhibition in spite of him. I wrote my own recitation, a piece that called for character work and humor. It made a huge hit and brought encore after encore. After that requests to recite came from organizations all over the city; so that I left the school with its owner flat as a pancake and my own soul filled with satisfaction.

With a girl I had met in the school I decided, at the close of the season, to go West from Chicago and organize physical-culture classes from town to town. We reached Chicago and our last penny at the same moment. My friend was pretty and amiable but quite unwilling to stand the gaff of hard work, so I undertook to support both of us. We were young, and this expedition covering the better part of a year was a great adventure. We pawned and sold our clothes, and I dipped candy in a chocolate factory, became an expert waitress, clerked in a hotel, and succeeded in organizing physical-culture classes which were big enough to support one but not two.

We put through one enterprising job in a Far Western city that I still think was not so bad for two inexperienced backwoodsmen. It would have turned out well, too, if I had known more about business. We took a whole suite in a leading hotel, went to the best stationer, and had handsome cards printed; we hired the swellest carriages possible and, having found out who were the leaders of society, made calls upon them. Incredible as it sounds, since we had no money and the shabbiest clothes you ever saw, we induced the ladies we called on to be patronesses of a public demonstration of physical culture set to music. We hired a hall and invited the general public, announcing the performance by lively posters.

The hall was crowded. As a result I got a fine class and aroused considerable excitement even among the Mormon elders. Unfortunately I failed to charge enough for the lessons to meet the bills. I just managed to finish the course. By that time the hotel threatened arrest and seized our luggage. We cared little about that because there was nothing inside it. I tried to meet the calamity, but failed; and one night we both quietly slipped out of town. Long afterward I paid my share of those bills.

Soon after this tramp adventure I decided to be a cartoonist—a real political cartoonist. I came to New York without a cent and without knowing a soul. I was unskilled. I had not the slightest idea how to tap the city's resources. I was certain of only one thing: I would be a cartoonist. I did almost everything from working in a disreputable prize-package factory on the East Side to selling Woodrow Wilson's "History of the American People" in instalments on West End Avenue. I was often ragged and cold and heartsick and hungry, but after a while I began to get the lay of the land. I attempted to invade the sacred precincts of the big newspapers. I tried Arthur Brisbane over and over, until the youngsters in the outer office grinned at me in derision. One day I sat down and wrote a letter to Mr. Brisbane. I told him I had come to the city to earn money as a cartoonist in order that I might raise the mortgage from the old farm in Maine; that I had no training or money but that I did have some cartoons that I should like

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to lay before him. The mortgage story was a whopper, but it fetched Mr. Brisbane by the next mail. With what an air I presented myself and my invitation to the dragons at the entrance need not be described. Mr. Brisbane was gentle and kind. He looked at my stuff and suggested that I could undoubtedly raise the mortgage much more quickly by going back to Maine. He said that newspapers had no use for women in this particular line of work and not much use for them in any other.

Life got pretty desperate. I had heard of a teacher at the Art Students League whose criticisms were so harsh that he was not allowed to teach women's classes. I am sure now that this was not so, but I thought: "Now, that's the very man I'll go to. He'll tell me the truth." So I took my sketches under my arm and went to the League. I waited in the half-light on the stair-landing for this man on whom I had pinned my faith. Finally he came up the stairs, a slight man with head bent. Timidly I accosted him: If some time he was at leisure would he give me some advice? I was not a student there. "Of course!" he said as if he'd been waiting for me to ask him, "why not, right now, this minute?" He took me into the members' room, and looked at my sketches. What he said warmed my heart as nothing ever had before or has since.

"You have the talent of one in twenty thousand!" he said. He told me he was giving me the benefit of many years of newspaper experience when he added, "Newspapers have no use for women in this field; your row will be a hard one. Keep out of art schools, pick up what knowledge you need, and keep at it." I was still in a way as much at sea as ever, only now I had a reason for sticking.

In the place where I lived was a college-bred woman who bitterly hated the suffrage cause. Until I listened to her railings I really never knew there was such a thing. Now it did make an impression. I hunted up a street-corner speaker, got some literature and read it, and on the instant knew I belonged. There was no bitterness in my soul, just a recognition of the need to help men and women change their focus a bit. I still knew little about drawing, but I saw that there was not a cartoon on our side, though plenty of fierce ones on the other. I made a sketch in ink of a man standing in a most conceited attitude with both feet on the ballot box holding against his breast a diploma marked "Past master in egotism"; I drew huge donkey's ears on his head and under it I put the caption: "The ballot box is mine, because it's mine."

I went with this to suffrage headquarters. Dr. Anna Howard Shaw's experience with cartoons had been very unhappy. I am sure this unladylike picture filled her with horror. It was certainly not welcome, and I took it to the New York *Call*. The editor literally hugged me! Next day the thing came out on the front page—and a full page at that! I still have the proof, and after all this time I find it not so bad.

Whether in the years since then I have accomplished anything worth while or not, I have thoroughly enjoyed living. Love is no stranger to me. My love affairs began in childhood and have been going on ever since in varying kinds and with as many results. Love is good wherever it comes from. I am married now, and I find that good, too. Economic freedom is good, and I still have it. But it seems to me that in these days of rapidly increasing fair play between a man and a woman neither economic dependence or independence makes much difference. It is the spirit of cooperation that counts and enables two people to make adjustments both inside and outside of their relationship.

I don't know exactly what people mean by disillusionment. I love to live and the longer I keep at it the greater capacity I have for living, and when I die, if it be so arranged that I lose my individual entity, I pray that I may become the lightning that snaps and crackles and whips through a thunder-storm.

A League of Nations Oppressed

By ROGER BALDWIN

Brussels, March 1

FOR the first time in history the black, brown, and yellow peoples and the white working classes of the imperialist Powers have united in a campaign against imperialism and for national independence. From all over the earth they came to Brussels on February 10 in a four-day "Congress against Colonial Oppression and Imperialism" and founded an international organization with headquarters in Paris—the League of Oppressed Nations. Forty countries were represented—seventeen of them colonies or dependent peoples—by 175 delegates ranging from the Chinese Kuomintang, the Indian National Congress, and the Egyptian National Party to the British trade-union lefts, the South African labor movement, the Mexican workers, and the native independence parties in French and Dutch colonies.

It was a responsible and determined crowd. Here were the official representatives of the world's most militant movements of revolt and independence—in India, China, Indo-China, Korea, Indonesia, Syria, and North Africa. Here were a dozen Socialist or Communist members of the British, French, and German parliaments. Here were delegates from seventeen trade-union bodies with a total membership in the millions. And among them was a sizable sprinkling of "intellectuals" and middle-class pacifists, of whom many were women.

The whole crowd was young, enthusiastic, and revolutionary. As you looked them over assembled in the gilded hall of the old Egmont Palace, rented from the city of Brussels, there were not half a dozen gray heads to be seen. And those were old revolutionary veterans with the fire of youth—Georg Ledebour from Germany, George Lansbury from England, and Sen Katayama, Japanese Communist living in refuge in Moscow. Vigorous, alert young men of all races united under the congress banner "National Liberty—Social Equality." The central driving power in them all was the purpose to achieve a national independence, not only political freedom but the freeing of workers and peasants, whether from foreign or native exploiters. In the union of the workers of the imperialist countries and the natives of the colonies a common war can be waged against common exploiters. A dramatic expression of this feeling brought the whole congress to its feet cheering when

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Fenner Brockway, secretary of the British Independent Labor Party, at the close of his speech grasped the hand of the representative of the Chinese Kuomintang and pledged to him the relentless opposition of the British working class to war on China. Cheers again greeted the declaration of General Lu Chung-lin, second in command of Feng Yu-hsiang's army, that the only object of that army is to protect the workers and peasants in their revolutionary struggle. A joint manifesto signed by the Hindu, Chinese, and British delegates pledged them to a united and many-sided campaign for the freedom of the workers and peasants from imperialist rule. Behind all the speeches and resolutions burned the fire of the class struggle, with the double inspiration of Soviet Russia and the Chinese Revolution. No Russians were present; there were no representatives of the Third International or the Red Trade Union International. There were many Communists among the delegates, though they were a minority of the entire group, but the feeling of all the others was pro-Soviet in the sense that Russia alone stands uncompromisingly for freedom for the colonies.

George Lansbury in a ringing speech called the conference the most important he had attended in his long career. All the speakers stressed its value as expressing a new and universal understanding by the dark races that their freedom cannot be achieved on purely nationalist lines; that it can be won only as an economic struggle of the workers and peasants against capitalism itself; and that to win it, union with the white workers of Europe and America is indispensable. Whether or not the new league rises to the hopes of its founders as a center for action, propaganda, and financial aid, the force of this new unity must influence the whole movement the world over. The congress was recognized as significant only in the colonial, Communist, Russian, and German press. The capitalist press was almost wholly silent, even the Brussels papers running only very brief items. The Socialist press ignored it after condemning it as merely another Communist effort to mask political purposes behind a non-partisan shield. The Brussels daily Socialist organ after ten days came out from its silence and conceded handsomely that, whatever its origin, the congress had shown itself far above partisan interests and would undoubtedly be of great historic significance.

The idea of the congress was conceived by the same Communists and near-Communists in Berlin who were active in the International Workers' Aid, working in close cooperation with the European representatives of the Kuomintang Party and the Mexican workers. Its early financial support came from those sources. But the congress was not under Communist control, and the Communists, with what the Brussels Socialist paper called "unaccustomed modesty," kept way in the background. No party controls the new organization. It is exactly what its program and make-up indicate, and it should gain the confidence and support of all elements opposed to imperialism and in favor of colonial independence.

Of course China held the front of the stage at Brussels. Every delegate paid tribute to the Chinese struggle as the greatest hope for every other people. The Chinese delegation was the largest and the most active. Cables from Canton, from the army, from the provisional government, from Mrs. Sun Yat-sen, from labor and business groups marked almost every session. The Chinese delegation gave the congress an evening reception at which the whole history of the revolutionary movement was set forth by a former aide of Sun Yat-sen's, whose draped portrait, by the way, was the only face on the walls of the congress rooms. General Lu was there, fresh from the front. He was in Europe, it appeared, to get supplies for his army, mainly in Russia; he had come on from Moscow expressly for the congress.

Next to the Chinese issue I should say French imperialism came in for most attention. The Indo-Chinese fairly flooded the congress with propaganda. One of the leaders of the Syrian Druses, in exile in Palestine, dramatically arrived on the last day of the congress from Berlin, where he had been held for three days by the hesitation of the Belgian Government to give him a visa in the face of pressure by the French. The congress put some counter-pressure on the Belgian Socialist Foreign Minister, and got it. Tall, handsome, young, his passionate plea, though in Arabic, won instant applause before translation. The spirit and force of the man was enough. Another native rebel against French colonial rule was one of the hits of the congress through the power of his speech, his humor, and simple wisdom. He was a tall, rangy young Negro from Senegal. In action on the platform he commanded attention for every word, alternating shafts of delightful humor with passionate denunciation of France. The French Government tolerates in France these rebels against her colonial rule, while repressing them brutally in the colonies. In other words, they are free to agitate wherever it does no good. And they may print only in French, which most natives cannot read.

Of course Nicaragua and Mexico were actively on the program, though American imperialism took a distant third place behind British and French. The South American delegation was strong and determined. The delegation from the United States was feeble—consisting of two Communists and myself. Our six island colonies were not represented, though a Filipino was said to be on his way. But American imperialism was hard to tackle. "Tell me," said one of the Latin delegates, "how on earth we are to be saved from your lending us money?" And the Europeans asked it, too. The United States loomed up as a new type of menace. With the direct occupation of territory, with the national struggles for independence they knew how to deal. But to the problem of economic imperialism the only answer was socialism, with the boycott and united resistance to political interference as temporary tactics.

Of the other imperialisms little was heard. The Indonesians were there, in dead earnest against the Dutch Government's suppression of their workers' and peasants' movements in Java. But the Portuguese colonies were not represented, nor was a word said of them; nor were the Italian. Italy was represented, if that word can be used, by a solitary exiled official of the defunct trade unions. Ireland, old friend of her fellow-oppressed, was wholly absent—settled down, apparently, to home life in the empire. Not a word was said of the Congo, for the Belgian Government in permitting the congress to be held had specified that no Belgian political issue was to be discussed. But despite that, the congress was freer in Belgium than it would have been elsewhere in Europe today except in Germany or Switzerland. This first conference may be only a try-out but it is the beginning of united opposition to the increasing concentration of international imperialist finance.

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In the Driftway

AS a professional drifter the writer of this column is naturally interested in other drifting or floating particles—in flotsam and jetsam generally. So he has followed with zest the zigzaggings of the drifting or floating university aboard the Holland-America Line's good ship Ryndam. The Ryndam will return to the United States in May, after an all-winter cruise around the world with some 500 students, a fifth of them young women, who supposedly have been combining foreign travel with scholastic work. The floating university has experienced its share of stormy weather, some of the wildest originating within rather than without, and no doubt the faculty has spent a number of sleepless nights on the bridge wondering if it should send out an SOS call for help.

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THE roughest weather, it is reported, has been due to coeducation. From Paris comes the word that the cruise has developed twelve engagements and that two marriages are "reported though not confirmed." To the Drifter that does not seem a high percentage of romance, even if all of the two marriages should be confirmed—not when one considers that the students have spent at least one coeducational evening on the Grand Canal and presumably have visited the Acropolis by moonlight. The hardships and dangers of the deep are so well known that nobody could have enrolled in the floating university without realizing that he was taking certain risks. Yet the situation has led some members of the faculty, including ex-Governor Allen of Kansas, to declare themselves against coeducationalizing the high seas. For stationary campuses in the Middle West a mingling of the sexes is all right, they think, but to mix oil and water is child's play by comparison with mixing coeducation and the briny deep.

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THE real trouble, one surmises, is that you cannot mix university education and drifting. That's why the Drifter is short on learning and long on flotsam and jetsam. It is impossible to get a shipload of active-limbed, live-minded youngsters to concentrate on logarithms or French irregular verbs when they can go ashore in Mandalay or shopping on the rue de Rivoli. It is doubtful if the proposal that next year there be one steamship for young men and another for young women will solve the scholastic problems of the floating university. It may be that the young women will be easier to manage by themselves, although the Drifter would not care to go surety for that. As for the other sex, it is generally believed that a feminine leaven has a restraining influence. Deprived of that salutary balance, it is possible that another year we shall hear that two members of the sophomore class of the men's floating university have climbed the Eiffel Tower by night and painted in red at the top the numerals "1930." Or that a score of freshmen have been arrested while trying to steal Big Ben out of the bell tower of the House of Parliament and replace it with a year-old Jersey calf.

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THE Drifter knows of no young people anywhere who could profit more by foreign education than those of the United States. But he doesn't see how they are going to get it in a floating university. Leaving aside the distractions of continual stops in successive ports, there is a greater difficulty. A foreign education means getting out of one's native atmosphere into another one. It isn't possible for 500 students traveling together to do that. They carry their own atmosphere with them, imposing it upon any place they visit. No steamship can travel far enough or long enough to take them out of the United States.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Precipitation, Presidents, Pennies, Potatoes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Robert Marshall's article on Precipitation and Presidents suggests, first, that the largest campaign fund has elected its President some twenty-three times out of twenty-four, which is a better correlation than the rainfall figures. Next comes the amusing fact that, by and large, the farmers get more for their crops in a short-crop year than when there is a bumper crop, illustrated most glaringly in the case of potatoes. This would produce the amusing paradox that in these "weather-vane States" it is not so much acute financial distress on the part of the rustics as emotional depression from watching a poor crop that is the immediate precursor to the profound decision to vote for Tweedledee instead of Tweedledum at the forthcoming Presidential election.

New York, March 18 GEO. B. VETTER

Anatole France, Moralist

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In his comments upon Anatole France in your issue of January 19 Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch apparently did not feel called upon to discuss the question of morality. But as this question was raised in the book under review, "The Degeneration of a Great Artist," to ignore it is to give a sort of assent to the contentions of its author, Mr. Cerf.

However unorthodox or questionable the attitude of Anatole France may have been in regard to sex relationships, these do not make up the whole field of morality, and I am inclined to think that it would be difficult to name, among his contemporaries, a writer more effectively engaged in promoting the ideals of truth and justice.

Without venturing to challenge your gifted critic's prophecy, one may be permitted to take issue with Mr. Cerf's judgment that the writer who made superstition ridiculous and cruelty hateful, and was remarkable for the wide range of his sympathies, "sought knowledge for amusement rather than improvement and did nothing to promote the establishment in the world of sound ethical principles."

The delicacy of feeling which Ruskin noticed in "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" developed into a profound understanding of the lives of others as such figures as M. Bergeret, L'abbé Coignard, and Crainquebille followed one another upon the stage. If the delicate and telling shafts of irony were aimed at the government, the army, the church, and big business, it was because these venerable institutions were careless of the peace and happiness of the people whose lives they controlled. The "cynic and sensualist" stood for the rights not only of Frenchmen but of all men.

The generous sentiments that pervade his imaginative writing are not the only revelation of his moral standards. Instead of remaining "aloof from the hurly-burly of his times," as Mr. Krutch infers, his love of fair play and his detestation of violence compelled him to leave the study for the platform. The

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volume of speeches entitled "Vers les Temps Meilleures" bears witness to his participation in politics and suggests that his pessimism was tempered by hope.

He may have been unwise to rely upon the Socialist Party as an instrument of liberation, but in spite of mistakes and inconsistencies, the advocates of equal freedom and the friends of tolerance will, for generations to come, find in his works so much to quote that he may be saved from oblivion until there are no more oppressors and oppressed.

Folkestone, England, February 8 FRANK W. GARRISON

Who Will Help Barbusse?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Henri Barbusse sends me a copy of an extremely eloquent appeal which he has written, addressed to world opinion upon the subject of "the invading barbarity of Fascism." He wishes to have this appeal signed by persons whose names would carry weight in all countries of the world, and he asks my help in obtaining signatures. It happens that I am inconveniently situated to carry on such work.

It occurs to me that there must be among your readers some persons having leisure and enough money for postage who would be glad to assist M. Barbusse in the work he has undertaken. Let me say that for several years I have been receiving, through my mail, continued evidence of the heroic devotion of this great French man of letters to the cause of the oppressed workers throughout Europe. Surely there must be, amid all the materialism and cynicism of our great rich country, enough of our old-time idealism to cause a few people to wish to help M. Barbusse. His address is "Vigilia," Miramar par Theoule (A.M.), France.

If those who write to him will send me a carbon copy of their letter, I will be glad to act as a clearing house and put them in touch with one another, so that they may cooperate.

Long Beach, California, March 17 UPTON SINCLAIR

Why Italy and Britain Are Allies

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I, too, wondered what might be the other half of that bargain between the British and the Italians at Shanghai until I read the following paragraphs in the *Survey Graphic's* admirable number on Fascism:

> Obviously any large Italian expansion in Africa is not an immediate possibility. When and if it becomes practical politics, it can only be carried through with the assent of Great Britain. Hence Mussolini has every reason for maintaining the best possible relations with Downing Street. This is true also as a means of attaining more limited objectives, as, for example, a position of equality in the international control of Tangier; the rounding out of the Somaliland on the Indian Ocean and the Italian colony of Eritrica on the Red Sea; political penetration in Yemen and Arabia.
>
> The first week in February saw a singular manifestation of the present close relations between Italy and Great Britain. Mussolini then accepted and indorsed substantially all of the points of Sir Austen Chamberlain's Far Eastern policy. An Italian expeditionary force in China is a possibility.

Cessna, Pennsylvania, March 7 G. F. BLACKBURN

To Music Lovers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am appealing to you in the interest of the great Festival Theater at Bayreuth, which gave to the world the traditions of Richard Wagner's magnificent works. I feel certain that you will do whatever you can to save this great institution from the eclipse which threatens to put out the light forever. The fund which Richard Wagner himself, with the aid of contemporary friends and admirers, established to assure its future, has, through Germany's financial collapse after the war, completely disappeared. Royalties from the master's works automatically ceased thirty years after Wagner's death, and there is no source of income other than the summer festival ticket sale. The continued presentation of Wagner's great works and the maintenance of the Festival Theater have become entirely dependent on the assistance of altruistic and art-loving circles.

Since Wagner's works now are world property, and music the universal language, music-lovers of all countries will want to share in maintaining this Festival Theater as a memorial to Richard Wagner. One hundred thousand dollars are necessary; I have begun to raise a fund in my native country—Sweden. In July and August of this year the Bayreuth Festival Theater will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary.

May I ask your readers to consider this appeal and if possible to send me contributions in care of the Metropolitan Opera Company?

New York, March 23 NANNY LARSEN-TODSEN

The American Citizenship Foundation

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of January 12 you referred to the American Citizenship Foundation of Chicago and its drive to obtain an endowment of two million dollars, and also stated that their purpose was to control and supervise the speakers at all church and public forums, lecture courses, etc. I am convinced that you were mistaken in some of these statements. Not that I believe in this sort of work. Citizenship teaching is much more needed among some of the men behind foundations of this kind than among our foreign-born immigrants, as witness the case of Senator-elect Frank Smith, Samuel Insull, etc. It will interest you to hear that the drive for two million dollars has completely broken down, and that according to reliable reports the foundation is now in financial difficulties and that the active man, George Bond Ellison, has retired.

New York, April 4 M. I. K.

[Independent inquiry has convinced us that the statement that this foundation intended to control speakers and had established a blacklist was erroneous, and we regret that we were misled by the press reports upon which we based our comments. It will, however, be no loss if the movement comes to an end. In our opinion it was another effort by men of great wealth and of corporation managers to regiment the foreign-born and to teach them what they should think about our institutions.—EDITOR THE NATION.]

Advertisers, Publishers, Masses

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I did not know until I read *The Nation* that I had been quoted in the newspapers as saying that none of the faults of the American press was of its own creation. In my speech I had in mind the demand of advertisers for quantity circulation and the fact that publishers in their desire to get mass circulation are ignoring class readers. If advertisers and advertising agencies insist upon regarding mass circulation as the basis of their decision, the poor publisher will have to follow the policy of printing only those things which appeal to the mass. My statement was that, recognizing the difficulties of American publishers in fighting against the mass idea, the amount of news they do print for the benefit of the class reader is amazing. I feel that on the whole they give a much more rounded summary of the news of all classes than the newspapers of any other country in the world.

Washington, D. C., March 28 DAVID LAWRENCE

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Books, Music, Plays

The Man Economy Has Caught

By RAYMOND HOLDEN

A mouth of ivory snow and coral,
A plenteous body's quiet horn,
Breasts like a swelling bloom of laurel,
These are the crowns that I have worn.

Here, with no crown, I have no power
And crickets could outwit my brain.
Fallow she lies. I may not plow her
Who lies beyond this picket rain.

What in this arch of hill and valley
But the field, woman, is worth thought?
What but her grain could hope to rally
The man economy has caught?

First Glance

IN the six episodes reconstructing Emerson's environment which Van Wyck Brooks uses to fill the first half of his new book, "Emerson and Others" (Dutton: $3), Mr. Brooks, as might have been expected, returns to the one theme he has never deserted since he began to write, or at least to publish. The sterility of the American scene, the failure of American life to support and enrich the American artist—this is his theme, presented already in so many ways and through so many personalities that in the hands of a less lovely writer it would long ago have become intolerably wearisome. For the most part, of course, Mr. Brooks has applied himself to the contemporary situation—and so we have here, among the miscellaneous essays which complete the volume, an essay on The Literary Life in America containing the sentence: "If our writers wither early, if they are too generally pliant, passive, acquiescent, anemic, how much is this not due to the heritage of pioneering, with its burden of isolation, nervous strain, excessive work, and all the racial habits that these have engendered?" So also we have, in a passionate tribute to the late Randolph Bourne, this statement of Bourne's ruling hope: "It was for a new fellowship in the youth of America as the principle of a great and revolutionary departure in our life, a league of youth, one might call it, consciously framed with the purpose of creating, out of the blind chaos of American society, a fine, free, articulate cultural order." But the theme is no less the concern of Mr. Brooks as he looks with delicate, expert eye at Emerson's Concord and Boston, as he listens, all affectionate attention, to the Transcendental Club.

> One topic especially stirred the club: the American Genius, the causes that hindered its growth. On this titanic continent, with nature so grand, why should genius be so tame? One had only to think of Bryant—chaste and faultless, but uncharacterized. Or Dr. Channing's preaching, the sublime of calculation. Allston was thin, and Greenough was thin, and Irving and Prescott and Bancroft. Not one drop of the strong black blood of the English race! No teeth and claws, no nerve and dagger. A pale, diluted stream. There was the topic of topics: the lukewarm spirit of the day, as Father Taylor called it. Who cared whether Bryant wrote good poems or not? Whether Greenough made a good statue? The great poems had been confessions of the faith of races, the great statues had been worshiped. No necessity of the people called these Americans out. And alas, why look for art where society was unbelieving, honeycombed, hollow?

Mr. Brooks, like Lewis Mumford in "The Golden Day," goes all the way back to Emerson's New England to find an American place and time when and where the accident of genius combined with the circumstance of a suitably growing society to produce literature both American and fine. In Emerson Mr. Brooks finds, perhaps, the first subject with whom he can wholly sympathize; and the result is a particularly lovely book, even for one who has several to his credit. Emerson in his study and in his garden, Emerson strolling to Boston, Emerson lecturing, Emerson writing, Emerson editing the *Dial*, Emerson talking with Ellery Channing, Bronson Alcott, Thoreau, and Margaret Fuller, Emerson conscious of young reforming spirits engaged in a comical though admirable search "for modes of life, perhaps, familiar enough in history, or in other parts of the world; for careers and social customs, disciplines, that a simple colonial society had never dreamed of providing, had not been able to provide"—Emerson in all these aspects shines here in a few pages, and shines, as Henry James did in Mr. Brooks's last book, largely in his own words, which are plucked like gleaming threads from the "Works" and the "Journal" and woven into a living tissue of quotation. For Mr. Brooks's perennial complaint I have less use than I suppose I ought to have; for this book, however, as indeed for most of its predecessors, I have much use. It gives me joy—and for a moment I believed everything Mr. Brooks said about America.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Belated Masterpiece

Decadence. By Maxim Gorky. Translated from the Russian by Veronica Dewey. Robert M. McBride and Company. $2.50.

THE idea of a new novel by Gorki is sufficiently hard to get used to. Russian literature as we have come to know it, that amazing volcanic panorama which the introverted energies of a great people heaved up before nineteenth-century Europe, has tended to recede into the perspective of literary history—an extinct volcano apparently, whose extinction coincided with and was no doubt related to the eruption of Russia's political crater. Here and there a sputtering of spent fires, but hardly of the ancient heat, hardly fierce enough to disturb the hardening crust of critical judgment. But this almost posthumous performance of Gorki is doubly upsetting. For it seems that Gorki not merely has added a postscript to the rather important chapter he occupies in Russian literature but has actually succeeded at this late date in rewriting it.

Not that this chapter didn't need revision. The position of Gorki was a precarious one. It rested on a pedestal of achievement which, while creditable enough in itself, was not proportionate to the statue which surmounted it. When one thinks of Dostoevski one conjures up "The Idiot" or "Brothers Karamazov," and immediately a satisfactory equation is formed. Similarly, "Anna Karenina" can be put against Tolstoi; "Fathers and Sons" against Turgenev; "The Seven That Were Hanged" against Andreev; and any volume of his evenly perfect stories against Chekhov. But what can one set against a reputation like Gorki's? None of his novels. "Foma Gordyeef"

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was an ambitious failure, "Mother" a piece of propaganda, "Three of Them" a tediously prolonged short story. Nor his best-known, much over-rated play, "Lower Depths," wherein a motley of unindividualized types are loosely threaded together with a Tolstoian moral. There remain the short stories. But how many of them can stand by themselves, apart from their creator, like Chekhov's stories? Most of them are helplessly tied to the umbilical cord of Gorki's lyric love of humanity, and can seldom wander far afield. The truth is that so far Gorki's chief literary creation has been his own rarely beautiful personality—indirectly in his objective work, and directly in his autobiographic series: "Childhood," "In the World," "My University Life." Significantly enough, only in these frankly autobiographic works does he achieve the necessary detachment which characterizes finished art. He has got out of his own way by putting himself in as one of the characters, and is thus saved from stumbling over himself in his over-eagerness to understand and explain them. But while autobiography as a human document is at a premium in other literatures, Russian literature is too well human-documented to appraise it unduly.

Suddenly, one might say unexpectedly, Gorki reaches over himself and places a novel on the top shelf of Russian fiction, beside "Brothers Karamazov," "War and Peace," and "Fathers and Sons." Whether it be the detaching influence of the revolution, which pushed him gently but firmly off the political-social arena, so that he found himself a properly disinterested bystander; whether it be the calmer, clearer vision of age from which the froth of opinion has subsided—the result is undiscountable. "Decadence" purports to trace the degeneration of a peasant family turned merchants; but with due respect to Gorki's object, the work is too alive to be confined to any formula. It must be remembered that "Brothers Karamazov" was originally entitled "The Life of a Great Sinner," and was planned as a polemic against atheism. There are no types in this book that one can pin down with an apt adjective and be sure of. Three generations of human beings grow and decay capriciously before our eyes like trees in a forest, in obedience no doubt to inevitable laws, but not accountable to our preconceived logic. We see their natural, unexpected development through the years, and can only scratch our heads reminiscently: "just think of it, I knew him when . . . ." There is Ilya, the founder of the house of Artamanov, an emancipated serf turned manufacturer, an Adam still fresh-formed from the earth, with the strength of the earth and its compulsive desire to grow. There is his son Pyotr, with something of the dull strength of his father, but in whom the blind impetus that impelled his father is spent. There is his wife, Natalya—we follow her from the time when, unknown to herself, she is a fairy princess, the object of the secret adoration of Nikita, Pyotr's hunchback brother, until the time when even her stolid husband exclaims: "All you can do is to eat, sleep, and put grease on your face." There is the grandson Ilya, a young eagle who deserts the Artamanov chicken-coop as soon as he finds his wings. And there is his brother Yakov, who, from within the fat folds of his timid soul, is yet able to sense maliciously the hollow pompousness of his more active cousin, Miron, who aspires to the Duma. There is the town idiot, Antonushka, whose head is a-jangle with incoherent verses, and the digger Tikhon, whose mind is a blunt spade, obstinately trying to dig a meaning out of life. In an exchange between them, Gorki sums up Russian literature:

> "What are you trying to get out of him?" Artamanov would ask with a solicitude which he did not understand.
> "I want him to explain the superhuman words he uses."
> "But they are only the words of an idiot!"
> "Even an idiot must have some sort of reason," Tikhon would say stupidly.

Life "is a story told by an idiot, full of sound and fury"; but here the Russians part company with Shakespeare. For it is their blind faith that "even an idiot must have some sort of reason."

ALTER BRODY

The Negro Problem: A Restatement

The American Race Problem, a Study of the Negro. By Edward B. Reuter. Thomas Y. Crowell Company. $2.75.

THE American Negro problem has a deceptive simplicity. It is not until the student really gets into the data that he realizes the extent to which complete mastery is well-nigh impossible for one individual. Unfortunately there are few students who understand that the many aspects of American Negro life take one into intricate problems not only of sociology and economics, but of biology, racial mixture, ethnology, and history. This is the essential reason why almost all books about "the Negro problem" are so thin and superficial. And this is why it is so gratifying to take up Mr. Reuter's book on the subject and to realize that here are balance, mature consideration, and sanity in a sociological study which has been held to almost a purely sociological plane, and which attempts neither to encompass all possible aspects of the problem nor to solve it for all time.

The book is essentially for the classroom and for persons who wish to consider a problem thoroughly before they feel they can express themselves intelligently on it. It "is designed to serve as an outline and as a point of reference as well as to provide an organization and a point of view. It is not intended as a substitute for the study of concrete material." Its convincingness lies, I must repeat, in the fact that it remains at all times a sociological study. Thus, for example, we have a discussion of race. But here, instead of a difficult consideration of the biological problems involved, we have rather a short and concise statement of the generally accepted idea of race, after which Mr. Reuter immediately goes into a full study of the social significance of the term, and particularly the social importance of the fact of racial differences. And when one considers for a moment the extent to which the difference in pigmentation between the Negro and the White has been an important factor in making for social differences between the two groups, the significance of concentrating a discussion of race on this point becomes immediately apparent. Mr. Reuter also understands the importance of historical background. Often in his discussion we are taken back to slavery times so that the development of particular phenomena or attitudes can be traced for us. Too many discussions of social situations neglect the time perspective, which, indeed, has come to be regarded as something belonging essentially to an ethnological technique. It is gratifying to see how the method illuminates the subject in hand.

We are first presented with a fundamental aspect of the American Negro problem—the population statistics regarding it. Here Mr. Reuter is thoroughly at home, and his statements are illuminating. Not so much can be said for his next topic, that of racial differences, but this is obviously a bow to a point that cannot be disregarded, and one imagines that he regains his historico-sociological footing with relief in the following discussion of the accommodation and the assimilation of the two racial groups in this country. From here on is clear sailing, and the consideration of the development of the Negro from slave to freeman, with the consequent racial differentiation and racial consciousness on the part of both groups, is clear, well-organized, and authoritative. In the course of this the problems of Negro health and family life, of the economic and educational status of the Negro, of the Negro church, and of the Negro in crime are brought forward, and one realizes how thoroughly they have been thought through. Thus, although the usual statistics regarding the extent to which Negroes are criminals are brought forward, we are not allowed to pass on them without being reminded that current prejudice against the Negro makes it easier to arrest a Negro than a White man, easier to convict him, and easier to get a long sentence for him. This balancing attitude is typical, and I venture to predict that Mr. Reuter will be assailed more than once by the

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anti-Negro as well as by the racially conscious Negro groups.

The book is so considered, indeed, and of such high quality, that one regrets its shortcomings the more. Thus, where Mr. Reuter touches African ethnology, as in his short discussion of African tribal family life, he is obviously treading terra incognita. Certain statements about race might be amended, also, but this is not serious. One would wish for greater completeness in bibliography—thus it is unfortunate that Cox's "White America" is not recommended as an exhibit for the extreme pre-White position, while the lacunae in the citations concerning the anatomical aspects of Negro-White physical differences are at once apparent. I also feel that Mr. Reuter's conservatism regarding the general situation, while usually admirable, has led him to undervalue the achievements of the American Negroes in the literary and artistic field. And this promising development is still sufficiently tender to make one wish for leniency rather than overstrict understatement.

But these points are essentially minor ones. Indeed, the last chapter of the work, on the present status of the problem and its future, is such as would alone more than balance them. As for solutions of the Negro problem, those which have been advanced thus far are dismissed with a "brief comment." To my mind no comment was ever more to the point: "There is no solution."

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS

Nothing New

George Rogers Clark: His Life and Public Services. By Temple Bodley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $5.

WESTERNERS cling tenaciously to three principles when they write about their great revolutionary hero, George Rogers Clark. First of all, his enterprise against the Illinois country was extraordinarily hazardous; secondly, his success won for the United States the Old Northwest; and thirdly, all contemporary criticism of Clark and his enterprise was false. Mr. Bodley runs true to form. He has presented to his readers the usual portrait of a gilded hero, a Napoleon and Sir Galahad rolled into one. The expedition against Kaskaskia is thus heralded: "A more daring offensive is hardly to be found in history." After describing the surrender of Vincennes by Hamilton to Clark, the author declares: "From that day to this, the country north of the Ohio has been ours." The last half of the volume is an attorney's brief for the defendant against various accusations of misconduct, one of which involved him in treason.

Mr. Bodley is very much excited about the neglect of Clark's fame by historians. That there has been neglect cannot be doubted. But no advance toward a better understanding can be made except through the establishment of what Clark actually did and a careful evaluation of his accomplishment. Hyperbole gets us nowhere. Within our own day the importance of events west of the Alleghanies has become generally recognized. Students both East and West are reinterpreting our history, and the influence of the frontier has been made a part of the historian's creed. Clark's contribution to the welfare of the United States has become a favorite object of study and there is now emerging a sane view of his acts. The new view borrows nothing from the ignorance of the older Easterners or from the extravagance of the Westerners. Clark's march through the flooded prairies from Kaskaskia to Vincennes, the most remarkable of his military deeds, is now proclaimed heroic by all. There have been during the history of the world, however, several military episodes wherein the endurance of men was more severely tried and the genius of the leader even more completely exemplified.

Like previous biographies of Clark Mr. Bodley has followed too exclusively the historical sources emanating from Clark and his immediate associates. For instance, the occupation of the Illinois country is told in the words written by Clark. The Mason letter and the famous Memoir are excellent sources for an understanding of Clark's own mind, but when it comes to facts the statements in them should be checked up by other contemporary sources. This has not been done. The author has neglected that mass of documents from the French villages which have been printed by the Illinois Historical Library in the "Cahokia Records" and the "Kaskaskia Records." These volumes would have brought to his notice many a problem needing careful consideration. The origin of the expedition was not so simple as Mr. Bodley thinks it was. How far it was inspired, if at all, from Kaskaskia itself he does not tell us. He could also have learned that the British had abandoned the Illinois and were making no effort to protect it. Detroit was the center of their line of defense. All Clark did was to travel the well-known water and land route and occupy an undefended village where a large minority, if not an actual majority, of the villagers received him with rejoicings. The attack on, and defense of, Verdun in the late war appears to have been more hazardous.

The exaggeration of the consequences of the occupation of the French villages, a most common failing among Western historians, is a much more serious error than extravagant claims of heroism. The British line of defense on the Great Lakes was never seriously threatened. Throughout the war their Indians and partisans overran the Old Northwest and threatened Kentucky. Clark was pushed back to the Ohio River and was ordered to build forts for the protection of Kentucky. Such was the condition in the West when negotiations of peace were opened. So unimportant were the doings of General Clark that they were not noticed by the negotiators. Had the British Prime Minister desired to make the Ohio River the boundary of Canada he would have encountered no opposition from Spain or France. He did not so desire. The forces that gave the Old Northwest to the United States were not generated at Kaskaskia. To seek the origin of them one must probe the souls of the two principal negotiators, Lord Shelburne and Benjamin Franklin. Of a knowledge of the peace negotiations, however, Mr. Bodley appears to be innocent. His volume may afford entertainment to the uncritical; to the student it has nothing to offer.

C. W. ALVORD

Old Clothes

Fine Clothes to the Jew. By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

MR. HUGHES is right when he reprimands Mr. Schuyler in *The Nation* for denying the necessity for a Negro expression. Such expression is not only unavoidable, but it is also most desirable for both America and the Negro. The original American from Europe has done nothing with his heritage and is certainly now too distant from it to convert it to contemporary uses. Whatever hope there is for an American art lies with the minor races. To urge a cultural assimilation of the Negro is to urge the Negro to lose his singular identity and to enter into something only nominal. For him to become an American is for him to toss away a unified character for something unestablished and as yet unattractive. For what shall he exchange his native systemic heritage; for contradictions unfused?

The Negro is conscious of his singular identity. But as yet there are few among his artists equipped to meet this consciousness of identity with a consciousness of its material. The Negro artists divide themselves into those who have capitalized the fact of color without paying for it by the study of its essence and peculiarity, those who recognize the need for a separate expression of a racial material but whose aesthetic apprehension or control is not adequate, and those who attack the essential material for what it can yield under aesthetic suasion. It is evident that an artist is great in proportion as he approaches the third category. Of the Negro poets only Jean Toomer has entered it with both feet. Langston Hughes is as yet on the threshold of the second category, and there

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is no visible progress in his present book beyond "The Weary Blues" to reveal that he has become sensible of his poetic problem, which is *to convert the material.*

Whatever value as poetry the Negro spirituals or blues may have, duplicate spirituals or blues have only duplicate values. In the conformation of the inherent qualities of these indigenous songs to an original personal intelligence or intuition lies the poetic performance. And Mr. Hughes has not made the material so conform. One critic has attributed to his work "force, passion, directness, and sensitive perception." The "force" is the material's, not the poet's. It remains literal, unconverted. The "passion" is not great enough to convert the *attitudes* of his verse (attitudes simply rewritten from the material) into integrated experiences or even effective quasi-experiences. "Directness" in itself is of no importance; it can intensify or sharpen initial power or give precision to inventiveness. His "perception" is not sensitive, for what he sees it takes only eyes to see. He reads what is written, no great feat; he hears well, that is, his receptive pitch is accurate. But what of the final instrument of poetry that recreates the sensations in terms of a personal idiom? He is apparently unaware of even its existence.

Mr. Hughes has been called an interpreter of certain of his race. Perhaps. I see nothing in his verses to convince me of their experiential authenticity. But interpretations are only reutterances at best. Not even a translation creates the new utterance which is a poem. I find in the work of Langston Hughes the recording of certain Negro songs. I have no doubt it is as good a record as we own, for he has here and there done a little rewriting. But beyond that he has made no individual contribution. HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Books in Brief

Party Campaign Funds. By James K. Pollock, Jr. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.

Mr. Pollock wrote, of course, before the investigations of the Reed "slush fund" committee showed how lavishly the Republicans of Pennsylvania and Illinois spent money in their Senatorial primaries last spring, but since the data which he uses, and which it must have cost him much labor to collect, relate mainly to the years since 1912, what he has to offer bears closely upon a present situation with which Congress may bestir itself to deal. As a concise survey of federal and State laws relating to campaign funds, and a record of party expenditures in recent campaigns, the book easily supersedes all others in its field. Mr. Pollock does not go to extremes in criticizing the system or suggesting further checks and balances. The size of a campaign fund, as he rightly points out, is not the most important matter: what needs attention is the source of the fund and the uses to which it is put. Neither federal nor State laws, the latter the only ones that are concerned with primaries, insure satisfactory publicity, and the laws themselves appear to be extensively violated or ignored. Beyond a more effective publicity and a better system of accounting lies the need of "more statesmanship and less partisanship," which is the same thing as saying that we cannot expect to get rid of the evils of money in elections until we develop a higher order of citizenship and insist upon knowing fully who supplies the cash and who gets it when it is spent. The book is heartily to be commended.

Minutes of the Albany Committee of Correspondence, 1775-1778. Vol. II: *Minutes of the Schenectady Committee.* Prepared for Publication by the Division of Archives and History. Albany: The University of the State of New York.

The records of the Schenectady district of what, at the time of the Revolution, was Albany County are the only minutes of the various district Committees of Correspondence in New York that appear to have survived. Of these there remain three fragments, covering somewhat more than half of the period from May, 1775, to August, 1779, and with their publication, which has been carried out with textual literalness under the direction of Dr. Alexander C. Flick, State Historian the documents have at last been made available for students The labors of the Schenectady committee appear to have been quite as multifarious and important as those of the Albany body, and historians and antiquarians will find much to interest them in the proceedings of an organization which, in addition to incessant labors in enforcing loyalty and helping on the war, thought it well to order physicians "and others" to desist from inoculation of the small pox," urged magistrates to avoid wasting powder by firing salutes at New Year's, bound its members by oath "not to discover their proceedings in regard to disaffected persons" in order that "it shall always appear as if this committee are unanimous in opinion about such matters," ordered the arrest of Negroes "that may be found to run on the streets after ten o'clock," heard witnesses who swore "on the Holy Evangelists of Almighty God," and fined tardy members "the price of one bowl of toddy" for their neglect. There is a consolidated index to the two volumes.

The Giant of Oldborne. By John Owen. Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.

Judged by this one book, John Owen deserves to be better known in America. He writes a clear, simple prose, poetical without affectation, and has a delicate insight into the souls of his characters. Daniel Windmill, the giant, is a sensitive boy cursed with a long, gangling, weak body and an intense capacity for joy and suffering. His story, which could lend itself so easily to bathos, is told with taste and distinction, and a very moving sympathy.

The Best Plays of 1925-26. Edited by Burns Mantle. Dodd Mead and Company. $3.

The seventh annual issue of Mr. Mantle's well-known and invaluable compilation. Besides the condensed versions of the ten "best plays" there is the cast of every play presented in New York during the season.

The Best Short Stories of 1926. Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.50.

This is one of Mr. O'Brien's lean years; his selection of the "twenty best" may be representative, but it is not exciting. The value of his annual as such is, of course, undiminished.

Music

New Wine in Old and New Bottles

IT is pleasant in this year of solemn ritual to have an occasional ballet come along to remind us that we cannot always believe what we hear. Casella's "La Giara," for instance, when first presented last year by the Philharmonic as an orchestral suite, seemed fairly modern. It had, it is true, some of that old-fashioned emotional substance which comes from the blood rather than from the brain, due perhaps to the hot, rhythmic little folk tunes which strewed the score. At the same time, however, there were enough of those lemon-edged dissonances which have marked the various "periods" of Casella's progress to stamp the score with the seal of his present modernistic tendencies. How astonishing then to find this modernism denatured, as it were, by choreographic interpretation when the Metropolitan presented this work in its entirety as its last novelty of the season! The story, one must admit, does not lend itself to much subtilizing. An old and valuable jar belonging to Don Lollo, a rich farmer, is broken during a merry-making by the peasants. To make matters worse, the real culprit is no other than the accepted suitor of Don Lollo's pretty daughter. All are in terror of the farmer's whip when someone has the happy thought of fetching an old hunchbacked journeyman who has just passed that way boasting that he

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an mend anything. He now declares he can make the jar like new, but to do so must do it from the inside. He keeps his promise, only to find that he cannot get out again on account of his hump; whereupon the Don, to the horror of all, kicks the jar with its human contents down the hill. Fortunately, the old man lands on a load of hay. The peasants bring him back in triumph; and as the Don, realizing his deed, has fled from the house, there is general rejoicing. As Miss Galli conceived the miming, there were pretty sentimentalities between the lovers and hearty, vigorous whirling among the peasants. Even the setting had the good old rural operatic atmosphere of twenty-five years ago. There were the little stone house with its coquettish shutters, the garden for the lovers, and the sward for the villagers to dance. And in these familiar surroundings and sentimentalities all the discords and angles of modernism dissolved into a nice, jolly ballet, so innocent of futuristic leanings that the Metropolitan's corps of dancers seemed perfectly at home in its demands. If the composer had any other intentions they remained a secret with the conductor, Tullio Serafin.

And now comes Adolph Bolm doing modern ballets also, only for the League of Composers, and making modern music seem new by infusing into it the emotions we read about in the program notes but seldom hear. "The Tragedy of the 'Cello," for instance, by the young Polish modernist, Alexandre Tansman, might have seemed somewhat stale and banal if heard only as music. Even so, the tale itself is slender: the Violin and the 'Cello are rivals for the love of the Flute. They fight a duel, the 'Cello is killed, and the Violin and Flute, united in matrimony by the Diapason, take up their new home in the case of the late 'Cello. Pointed with a mockery by Mr. Bolm and his company, that is carried out in both costume and setting by Nicholas Remisoff—late of the Chauve-Souris—the music catches the satirical slant of both miming and décor, and, with it, a raison d'être. Again, in the Chinese ballet, "The Rivals," which Mr. Bolm built on a Chinese legend of the sixth century, and Henry Eichheim on a Chinese ceremonial theme of the seventh, the score takes on, through the illusion of the stage, an authenticity that neither the Chinese theme nor the Chinese instruments which Mr. Eichheim utilized could in themselves have imparted. On the other hand, the "visualization" of three preludes by Scriabin—Désire, Enigme, Caresse Dansée—was not so successful, because the music itself is so definite in its suggestion that carrying the suggestion farther merely renders it literal.

In spite of this, Mr. Bolm and his company taught us the valuable lesson that music written for the ballet is dated largely by the manner of its stage presentation. Tansman's score, for instance, written in 1924, seems even newer for Mr. Bolm's interpretation of it; while Casella's, written even later and in an equally modern idiom, might have been, like the Metropolitan's version and stage directing generally, of twenty-five years ago. The eye does indeed play strange tricks upon the ear!

HENRIETTA STRAUS

Drama

Clemence Dane Discourses

AT the center of Miss Clemence Dane's imperfect but absorbing drama "Mariners" (Plymouth Theater) lies one of those situations of compelling force which have the power of fixing the attention of the spectator and which require no commentary. A ghastly though daylight horror grips the imagination, and though the author allows herself to be seduced by certain discursive tendencies, the dramatic power of her situation triumphs over the somewhat hesitant treatment which she gives it. She seems for a time unable to get to the point and, once she has got to it, she hurries away as fast as possible in another direction, yet for all the fumbling involved in this procedure the high moments of her play remain memorable.

In the all too brief glimpse which the second act gives us of the disordered household of a middle-aged minister who has allowed himself to be married to a Cambridge bar-maid, we have drama in something like its starkest and purest form. Everything about the characters and their situation—the love which brought them together, the impotent, raging tantrums which express the wife's baffled realization of her own unfitness, and the minister's patient resignation to the irreparable ruin into which he has been precipitated—is at once understandable and hopeless. No judgment and no remedy is possible. The fact, completely comprehensible and completely ineluctable, exists, and it grips the imagination as all facts must grip it which are powerful not because they are regarded from any particular point of view but because they are powerful in themselves. The situation needs no elucidation or commentary; there is no explanation that can be offered and no conclusion that can be drawn half so impressive as it is in itself. No use to which it can be put, no point which it can be employed to prove but is insignificant by comparison.

Such situations, requiring only that they be realized, are rare indeed, and in default of them we fall back upon deduction and theories. We construct plays which are interesting because they illustrate this or because they prove that; but when we are presented with one so significant in itself, we resent the essential levity involved in attempting to do more than to state it with clarity and succinctness. Yet Miss Dane, though she shows more than once that she has the power to realize the situation, is nevertheless unwilling to trust its inherent strength and has insisted upon using it for a purpose which seems by comparison infinitely trivial. She has constructed a subsidiary plot which deals with the doubts of a young flapper who has engaged herself to a post-war wastrel and who concludes from the spectacle of the minister's tragedy that love after all is worth the cost. She even goes so far as to ask us to concern ourselves with a happy ending which provides "another chance" for the wastrel in spite of the fact that the magnitude and the passions of her tragic characters dwarf her little heroine into absolute insignificance and make her and her pale affairs a frivolous intrusion. Nobody cares what lesson the girl draws from the drama she has witnessed, nobody cares what conclusions may be drawn by this moralist or that from the fact embodied in the central situation. To use that situation to set a flapper right in her philosophy of love is a mere impertinence.

Yet it is for such unimportant affairs that Miss Dane abandons the powerful story which she has not completely told; after giving her auditors a glimpse of great and terrible passions she expects them to be content with a commonplace moral and commonplace people. Doubtless she supposed that she needed to give her drama a meaning, but the fact which this play so clearly demonstrates nevertheless remains: A passion is, dramatically at least, more interesting than an idea and a fact more impressive than a moral. The story of this minister and his bar-maid should have stood alone. It is most powerful when it is not explained, most meaningful in its meaninglessness.

The production afforded by the Actors' Theater is an admirable one, Arthur Wonter being particularly impressive as the minister and Pauline Lord finding in the role of his wife a part almost exactly suited to her talents. Miss Lord is, perhaps, not so fine an actress as she was at first supposed, but she is at least an absorbing person with a pathos of her own which she lends to the characters whom she portrays. "The Crown Prince" (Forrest Theater) is an interesting if somewhat conventional romantic tragedy with all the dramatis personae taken from the "Almanach de Gotha." Mary Ellis is the royal mistress and Basil Sydney the prince who kills himself for love. "The Willow Tree" has been transformed into a pleasing if not very exciting libretto for a gorgeous operetta called "Cherry Blossoms" (Forty-fourth Street Theater).

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

The International Settlement of Shanghai

By LEWIS S. GANNETT

SHANGHAI, like Topsy, "just growed." The separate administration of the "International," the French, and the two native cities is a product of circumstance and habit rather than of forethought or of treaty. The "rights" which the foreign troops are defending today have been acquired by use, not by negotiation. In peace times you walk or ride in your ricksha from the native city to the International Settlement, and from the International Settlement to the French Settlement, and from the French to the other native city without knowing where the boundary-line lies. It all seems like one great city. Only your ricksha-coolie, who has to pay for a separate license in each administration, knows the difference.

Today the "International Settlement" is governed by a municipal council elected by the foreign taxpayers. It is a city with a population of 850,000, about 97 per cent of which is Chinese. The Chinese pay 80 per cent of the taxes, but cannot vote or even enter the public parks maintained by taxes. The Municipal Council consists of nine members, of whom custom decrees that six shall be British, two American, and one Japanese. The chairman is an American, Stirling Fessenden of Maine; but the real executive is English, the Commissioner General, Major Hilton Johnson. The council is theoretically responsible to the Consular Body, but in fact acts independently. Since the 1925 disorders the council has offered three seats to Chinese, but the Chinese Ratepayers' Association refused the offer, demanding equal representation. More radical Chinese demand proportional representation, which would mean Chinese rule.

The French Settlement is ruled by the French Consul General. A municipal council elected by the foreign taxpayers, with merely advisory powers, functioned until the recent crisis, when the consul dissolved it, substituting an executive committee one-half foreign and one-half Chinese. The French Settlement lies adjacent to the International Settlement, and, like it, has an excellent waterfront. Its population is smaller than that of the International Settlement, but has about the same proportion of Chinese.

North of the International Settlement is the native district of Chapei, which includes many large factories and a considerable modern residential district. South of the French Settlement is the district of Nantao, including the old Native City. Both districts have nominally elected municipal councils, really appointed by the local gentry and business men, subject to the provincial civil or military authorities; in 1926 their administration was merged. Their population has been estimated at half a million.

After the First Opium War, by the Treaty of Nanking (1842) the British obtained the right to reside in five Chinese cities, including Shanghai. The supplementary treaty of 1843 provided that the grounds and houses, and the rents or prices for them, should be equitably arranged at the prevailing rates; and that such premises should be set apart by the local Chinese officials in consultation with the British Consul. Other Powers acquired equal rights by subsequent treaties. But the provisions for the government of the foreign settlements of Shanghai were not made by treaty, but by local "Land Regulations" drawn up by the foreigners and sometimes, but not always, approved by Chinese officials. Nor is it true, as is often said, that the foreign settlements of Shanghai were built upon an unoccupied swamp, for the early records are full of disputes arising from the unwillingness of the Chinese inhabitants to part with their land. When land finally was obtained, it was in the form of leases in perpetuity subject to an annual payment of land tax, called "rent."

The original Land Regulations, drawn up by the British Consul in 1845, and approved by the Chinese *taotai*, made no definite provision for municipal government. Article XXII provided that "The interpretation of the regulations, their correction if necessary, and any additions to them should be the duty of the local authorities [Chinese and foreign] in communication together." These regulations gave the British Consul general powers over the foreign residents; he even claimed the right to forbid an American to raise the Stars and Stripes within the settlement. The Americans acquired territory for a separate settlement in 1848, as the French did in 1849, but the Americans continued to live in the British settlement, and in 1852 forced the Chinese to admit that according to the treaties they had equal rights to hold land in it. The perils of the Taiping Rebellion, however, brought the foreigners together, and in 1854 a new set of regulations was drawn up, the American, British, and French consuls approving. No Chinese authorities were consulted regarding this redraft. The 1854 regulations provided for a joint elected municipal council for the three settlements; unlike the 1845 regulations, they permitted Chinese to reside within the foreign district. This was largely due to the fact that the Taiping Rebellion, then raging, brought to the settlement hordes of Chinese refugees, who were willing to pay enormously for the privilege of living under foreign protection. The foreign Shanghai realtors made huge profits, housing them in dangerous tenements. The Consular Body more than once instructed the Municipal Council to dispose of these shabby structures, but the realtors refused. Finally the consular authorities, in agreement with the impotent *taotai*, drew up further regulations requiring natives to obtain a license from the foreigners before buying, renting, or building land or houses in the foreign settlement. Such natives were taxed equally with the foreigners but given no representation in the municipal government.

Repeatedly these 1854 regulations state specifically that the Chinese have sovereign rights to the land within the settlement; the Chinese Government was to receive a small annual tax, and deeds were to be sealed by the Chinese authorities. But the sense of independence was growing; in 1862 an independent Free State of Shanghai, under the protection of the four Great Powers, was proposed, and the British Consul refused to permit the Chinese to tax their own subjects within the settlement. The London Government, however, took a different position, declaring that:

> The lands situated within the limits of the British Settlement are without doubt Chinese territory, and it cannot reasonably be held that the mere fact of a residence within those limits exempts Chinese subjects from fulfilling their natural obligations.

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The local British, however, have had their way from that day to this, despite treaties, home governments, or reason.

France formally withdrew from the International Settlement in 1862 and set up her own jurisdiction; in 1863 the Americans formally and finally merged their settlement with the British. The American Minister proposed in 1864 revising the constitution of the settlement, under a charter from the national Chinese Government, suggesting that the local authorities should levy only municipal taxes, and that Chinese taxpayers should be represented on the council. To this the Shanghai foreigners objected, fearing domination by the Chinese, significantly suggesting that as a safeguard to life and property the "spirit rather than the exact words of the treaties should be adhered to when necessary."

The land laws were again revised in 1866, without consultation with any Chinese authority, and in 1869 the foreign ministers approved the revision. In 1882 came another revision. Chinese participation in the government was again suggested in that year, but the British insisted on its omission. The 1882 revision gave the Shanghai municipality greater independence of the consular and diplomatic authorities, fuller police and tax powers, and the right to compel surrender of land for roads. This constitution, which virtually made the International Settlement an independent nation by itself, was not approved by the Diplomatic Corps until 1898 (and then with some modifications), and has never been submitted to the Chinese. Clause XXVIII of these regulations, still current, reads:

> Hereafter should any corrections be requisite in these regulations, or should it be necessary to determine on further rules, or should doubts arise as to the construction of, or powers conferred thereby, the same must be consulted upon and settled by the foreign consuls and local Chinese authorities, subject to confirmation by the foreign representatives and Supreme Chinese Government at Peking.

Meanwhile certain theories as to the powers of the settlements, which are today of vast significance, had grown up. The settlements have claimed the right to regard themselves as neutral territory in civil or even international wars to which China was a party, to refuse to permit belligerent troops within their borders except with special foreign permission, to give asylum to political refugees, and to bar or expel Chinese whom they dislike. These seem to be mere assumptions of power. Westel W. Willoughby, professor of political science at the Johns Hopkins University, says in his monumental "Foreign Rights and Interests in China":

> As a matter of treaty right it is difficult and perhaps impossible to sustain this claim of the settlements and concessions of the right to grant asylum, or, indeed, to demand that their areas remain free from all belligerent opinions in times of civil war, but what lack there is of legal or treaty right has been largely supplied by custom acquiesced in by the Chinese authorities. . . . There remains, of course, the more fundamental or theoretical question as to whether derogations of sovereign or territorial rights can be validated by other than specific and explicit consent upon the part of the Power whose rights are diminished.

The British Consul, indeed, said at the meeting which inaugurated the Shanghai municipality on July 11, 1854:

> Neither Great Britain, nor the United States, nor France, has undertaken by treaty to protect their subjects ashore in Chinese territory, nor could they, by treaty, legally do so without the consent of the Chinese Government.

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But the British, French, and Americans shortly thereafter did land troops to defend the settlement, and time and custom have led to the conviction that they have that and the other rights they have assumed, despite the protests of the Chinese and the lack of treaty authorization.

It should be added that the present limits of the International and French settlements reach far beyond those originally drawn. This process of enlargement has been rather informal. The municipal councils privately bought land for roads outside the settlements and then built roads and cross-roads; foreigners built houses along these roads; foreign police, without agreement, were sent to patrol these roads; water mains, street lights, pavement, telephone systems were extended, and eventually the new territories were officially included. The last such extension was in 1898. But in 1913 the Municipal Council, authorized by the Consular Body, sent its police to clear a revolutionary army from the northern suburb of Chapei, on the ground that its operations had "disturbed" trade; and the barbed-wire entanglements, where the combined foreign armies mount guard in 1927, have been erected far beyond the boundaries of what, in any sense except that of immediate occupation, can be called foreign territory. To the foreigner in Shanghai, today as throughout eighty years of the foreign city's growth, foreign might is right, and nothing else counts.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF

The Nation

Published weekly, Wednesday, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1927.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Oswald Garrison Villard, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the editor of The Nation and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor and Publisher.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1927.

[Seal] MARY E. O'BRIEN

(My commission expires March 30, 1928.)

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WILLIAM F. PROHME, a former San Francisco newspaperman, is director of the Nationalist News Agency just opened in Shanghai.

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RAYMOND HOLDEN is an American poet now living in New Mexico.

ALTER BRODY, playwright, poet, and critic, will contribute an article on Yiddish literature to the Spring Book Number of *The Nation*, April 20.

MELVILLE J. HERSKOVITS is in the department of anthropology at Columbia University.

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HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN was formerly editor of the *Guardian*.

LEWIS S. GANNETT, associate editor of *The Nation*, spent last spring in the Orient. He has written a series of articles on China which are reprinted in a pamphlet, "Young China."

The author of Lightning Speed Through Life is an artist.

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